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EARL RUSSELL'S TRIUMPH.

EARL RUSSELL, though acquitted by the Commons, has been found guilty by his Peers, and has been deliberately censured by them. We do not suppose that he will care for that; nor can the lesson, such as it is, possibly be of any use to him now, when all the harm he could do is done. On the whole it may be regretted, for the sake of Denmark, that the question whether or not she should be left to her fate should already have been discussed; for it is evident now that the Prussians and Austrians, provided they do not slaughter the inhabitants of Copenhagen and carry off the King captive, may do what they please with the Danes. They may not have been quite sure of this before, but they know it at present. If they do so far forget themselves as to take the father of our future Queen prisoner, their conduct will be discussed in the British Parliament, and that fearful thing known (and laughed at) as "the moral influence of England" will be brought to bear against them. But they have had a hint from a British Minister that they may go as far as this; and by that hint they will, no doubt, profit.

The victory of the Ministry, though expressed by a larger majority than had been expected in the House of Commons,

is a sad victory, after all; while the defeat of the Conservatives has been a shameful one. The Whigs are allowed to retain power, not because the policy of their Foreign Minister is admired, approved of, or even excused; but simply because it is felt that the Conservatives are, taking them on all points, worse even than the Whigs. Some of the most damaging speeches against the present Government were delivered by men who ended, in sheer despair, by voting in favour of those whom they condemned. The Polish question has been ended for a time by the deportation of the inhabitants of Poland (at least all that were feared) to Siberia. The Danish question has been solved by the partition of Denmark—the deportation of the Danes not having yet commenced. It is generally agreed that the duty of a Foreign Minister now in connection with both these questions is to do nothing; and, that being the case, Earl Russell may as well have the direction of the Foreign Office as anyone else. Few will deny that he deserved some mark of dissatisfaction from the representatives of the country; but, unfortunately, it was impossible to inflict it upon him without making the Cabinet of which he is a member resign and causing it to be replaced by another still more unpopular.

Perhaps the most remarkable thing in the debate on the vote of censure was the unanimity with which all sections of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, except Whigs in office, condemned the Liberal Foreign Minister. Liberals of the peace-party, as represented by Mr. Cobden, sneered at him; "independent Liberals," such as Mr. Horsman, denounced him, and Radicalism, in the person of Mr. Roebuck (who is none the less a Radical because he has lately become an admirer of Austrian institutions) insulted him. Every speaker not actually bound to him by official ties seemed to have a stone to cast at him, from Mr. Bernal Osborne and the partisans of Germany to Lord Robert Cecil and the partisans of Denmark—from Mr. Cobden and the friends of peace to General Peel and the advocates of war.

In the end, the House of Commons gave Earl Russell a formal verdict of "non-proven;" but he was plainly told, even by his own side of the House, to sin no more.

The analysis of the division, published a few days ago in the *Times*, gives some curious results, from which it appears that, of the English members who voted, six elevenths (as nearly as possible) supported the Government; among the Scotch members the Ministry had about three quarters on



THE HARROW AND ETON CRICKET-MATCH AT LORD'S GROUND, ON SATURDAY LAST.

its side; while of the Irish members present as many as two thirds took part with the Opposition. The Government of Lord Palmerston, then, is approved of by a fair majority of the English and by a very large majority of the Scotch members, while the Irish representatives are opposed to it in the proportion of two to one. It must be remarked that of the Irish "Liberals" who voted against the Government nearly all are Roman Catholics. This fact accords with the rumour circulated at the beginning of the debate to the effect that the Catholic members had been called upon by high ecclesiastical authority to support the vote of censure, and it shows what efforts have been made abroad as well as at home to turn out the present Cabinet. One would like to know the precise reason why the Roman Catholic party, with its Liberal as well as its Conservative adherents, would prefer a Derby-Disraeli Ministry to the Ministry now in Power. Earl Russell's Italian policy has not hitherto been, violently, anti-Papal; nor was it at all favourable to the idea of Italian unity until that idea had already to a great extent been realised. At the present moment the Whigs are evidently more feared at Rome than the Tories. There is nothing very interesting or very important in that; but it is curious, inasmuch as Protestantism—i.e., anti-Romanism—was formerly one of the great watchwords of the Tory party, and this in spite of the fact that the emancipation of the Catholics was a project first brought forward by Pitt. But in Italy anti-Romanism means something like revolution—it at least means annexation by the will of the people, without any reference to Sovereign rights or to treaty obligations; and in that, no doubt, lies the secret of the apparent Romanistic leanings, just now, of a party once celebrated for its hostility towards all that came from Rome.

It is quite possible, however, that the votes of the Catholic Liberals may have had nothing to do with religious influences. Perhaps, with the eccentricity of their nation, the Irish members voted as they thought. The only wonderful thing is that Earl Russell should have received so much solid support from members whose expressed opinions were entirely against him.

CRICKET-MATCH BETWEEN HARROW AND ETON.

A MATCH between these two schools was played at Lord's Ground on Friday and Saturday of last week, and excited an unusual degree of interest. On Friday the spectators amounted to upwards of 10,000, the number of carriages being truly wonderful. The roping and staking of the ground proved a great convenience, and at no time was the playing-boundary trespassed upon. On Saturday morning Eton, with four wickets down in their second innings for 74 runs, continued it, and finished it for 113, the play lasting only an hour, it being over at half-past twelve. Harrow won in one innings, with 66 runs over, having scored 242, and their victory was hailed with loud cheers from their partisans, who insisted on carrying some of the players on their shoulders round the ground. Soon after the game was over, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales honoured the ground with his presence and took luncheon with the Earl of Sefton, in a private box adjoining the pavilion. During the stay of the Prince a fresh match was made, "Harrow and Eton v. Marylebone Club," and this caused a large and fashionable company to remain on the ground, especially as his Royal Highness showed no inclination to depart, which he did not do till five o'clock.

This match, which was begun soon after the previous one was concluded, was won by the united schools. Only one innings each was played, and the score at the close stood thus:—Harrow and Eton, 152; Marylebone Club, 87.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Some of the Paris papers have articles on the rumoured Holy Alliance tending to show the utter impossibility of any such combination prevailing against the legitimate aspirations of modern Europe, supported by England and France. The journals in question warmly advocate a close alliance between the two latter States as the only means of securing without bloodshed the freedom and peace of Europe.

General Rose has met 500 deputies from the insurgent tribes of Algeria, on their way to make offers of submission. The Algerian journals state that the chiefs of the revolt will be transported to Senegal and the insurgent tribes disarmed.

Despatches received in Paris announce the solemn entry of the new Emperor of Mexico into the capital of his kingdom. The enthusiasm is reported to have been "unanimous and indescribable."

BELGIUM.

Political excitement runs high in Belgium, and gives promise of a development which probably both parties will deplore. The Right, or Catholic members of the Chamber of Representatives, numbers fifty-seven members; the Left, or Liberals, amounts to fifty-nine. As by the Constitution a majority of the entire members of the Chamber must be present at every debate, and one or two of the Liberals were unable to attend, the Catholics, in order to arrest the debate on the Electoral Extension Bill proposed by M. Orts, one of the members for Brussels, determined to absent themselves en masse from the Chamber. Five days during last week the Liberals assembled to find the places on the Right vacant, and themselves unable to proceed with the business of the country in consequence of their number being one or two less than is required by the Constitution. On Saturday they numbered fifty-eight, but the fifty-ninth member was unable to attend on account of sickness, and has since died. The difficulty has been temporarily solved by the closing of the Legislative Session, which was done by Royal decree on Wednesday.

SPAIN.

The Spanish papers publish the terms on which the Government of Spain offer to settle the pending dispute with Peru, and to give up the Chincha Islands. If those terms are agreed upon, Spain offers to conclude a treaty with the Republic of Peru similar to those which exist between her and the other Spanish-American Republics. Meanwhile, the iron-clad frigate Numancia, the sailing frigates Berenguela, Blanca, and Vencedora, and the steamer San Quintin, will set out for the Pacific in the course of the present month.

CHINA.

Colonel Gordon and the Imperialists having captured Changchow-foo, Tangyung fell a few days after, and Nankin is now the only stronghold of the rebels. Colonel Gordon has determined on retreating from the Imperial service.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

A conflict between the Crown and the Ministry of Bishop Monrad, apparently on the question of peace or war, has terminated in the resignation of the Bishop and his colleagues. The King deputed Count Charles Moltke-Nitcheu to form a new Ministry, in which task he has succeeded. Count Moltke acts as Minister without portfolio. M. le Blumme, now a man advanced in years, obtains his old post as President of the Council, and for the present holds the portfolio of Foreign Affairs. M. de Quade, the Danish representative in the late Conference, is also a member of the Cabinet. As the members of the new Administration belong to the reactionary party, an entirely different policy, both at home and abroad, is anticipated. Indeed, the Danish Government have already forwarded despatches to the Courts of Berlin and Vienna asking for a suspension of hostilities and the opening of negotiations for peace. This important piece of news comes from several sources, and is confirmed by intelligence which our Foreign Office has received. A confident expectation prevails everywhere that we shall shortly hear of the conclusion of a regular armistice and the opening of negotiations for a final settlement of the questions in dispute between Denmark and Germany. The message sent by the new Danish Ministry to the Rigsraad states that the King believed that men unconcerned in the late events could just now most effectually serve the country, and that while the new Ministers cannot venture to lay down their programme at present, they can confidently undertake that their mission shall be to uphold the honour and the independence of Denmark. It is asserted that the mission of Prince John of Glücksburg had for its object to treat directly and exclusively with Prussia, the terms offered by the Danish Government being the annexation to Prussia of Holstein and that part of Schleswig south of the Schlei—that part, in fact, divided from the north by the line of demarcation which England proposed at the last Conference—and to absorption into Denmark of the remainder of Schleswig. The answer of Prussia—but this is mere rumour—is said to be that peace should be granted to Denmark on condition of the cession of Holstein, Lauenburg, and Schleswig, of a payment of war expenses amounting to 100,000,000 rix dollars (more than £11,000,000 sterling), and of the surrender of the Danish fleet to the conquerors.

A significant symptom of the change in the feeling of the Danish people is that some of the papers in Copenhagen which were until the present time most vehement in their demands for unconditional resistance now talk in quite pacific tones, and urge that, at least, the decision of the nation should at once be taken as to the expediency of attempting to continue the war.

Within the last few days the Germans have continued their progress in Jutland, the whole of which has been occupied and placed under the administration of German officials.

The Prussian troops under General Falkenstein have effected the passage of the Lymfjord without loss. The head-quarters of the army are to be removed to Attrupgaard. A private letter from Tondern, dated the 6th inst., says intelligence had just been received there stating that during the preceding night the Austrian rifles had taken possession of the Island of Fohr.

General Gerlach has resigned the command of the Danish army, and been succeeded by General Steinman.

In the sitting of the German Federal Diet, on the 7th inst., it was resolved, on the proposition of the Schleswig-Holstein Committee, to request the Government of the Grand Duke of Oldenburg to use the greatest despatch in substantiating his claims to the succession of the duchies.

A circular despatch has been issued by M. Drouyn de Lhuys in relation to the failure of the Conference and the situation thereby created. The French Minister expresses a hope that nothing may occur to require that France should depart from her peaceful attitude. Is the very expression of such a hope a menace? and, if so, to whom is it addressed?

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA.

OUR advices from New York reach to the morning of the 2nd inst. The reverse to the 2nd Corps of General Grant's army on the 22nd ult. was greater than at first reported. One entire brigade, besides many other prisoners and five cannon, were captured. The loss in killed and wounded was heavy. In consequence of this disaster General Grant had been obliged to abandon his attempt to occupy the railways running south from Petersburg; had withdrawn his troops to their previously intrenched position; and had made no further attempt to turn the Confederate position at Petersburg since his defeat on the 22nd. The term of service of many of his veteran regiments expires from day to day, and the soldiers exhibit no disposition to re-enter the ranks. The Administration journals insist that he must be heavily reinforced before he again ventures to advance. On the 21st a small detachment under General Forster, by direction of General Grant, occupied a position on the north bank of the James River, at Four Mile Creek, opposite Bermuda Hundred. Sheridan, in attempting to cross to the south bank of the James River, near City Point, was attacked by a heavy Confederate force, which he repulsed after a severe fight, in which he lost 1000 men. Several Confederate attacks upon the weaker portions of the Federal lines had been made, but are stated to have been repulsed. The last accounts report the Confederates to be moving in the direction of the rear of Grant's left.

Wilson's Federal cavalry was reported to have destroyed twenty miles of the Danville Railroad. On their return on Monday night (23rd ult.) they were intercepted by the Confederates at Beam's Station, on the Weldon and Petersburg Railroad. Wilson fought all night and the following morning, but was unable to push his way through. Meade sent the sixth corps, with a division of the second corps, to the assistance of Wilson, but with what result is not stated.

The damage to the Confederate railways is said to be speedily repaired by a brigade of engineers and others specially detailed for that purpose.

Mr. Stanton had announced that Hunter, finding his ammunition running short, was retreating to Western Virginia, but reported the complete success of his expedition to Lynchburg. Confederate despatches of the 25th state that the Confederates were pursuing Hunter, and had attacked him several times, captured thirteen of his cannon, and inflicted heavy loss upon him in killed, wounded, and prisoners. At last accounts he was between fifty and sixty miles north-west of Lynchburg.

Sherman reports that two columns of his army, under Macpherson and Thomas, simultaneously attacked the Confederates at Kenesaw Mountains on the 27th ult., and were repulsed. He admits Thomas's loss to be 2000 and Macpherson's 500, among whom were General Harker and four Colonels. Confederate despatches state the Federal loss at 4500. Sherman believes the Confederate loss to have been light, they being protected by breastworks. Much anxiety was felt for the safety of Sherman. Many of his supply-trains had been captured and the Confederate force in his rear was steadily augmenting. Sherman's loss during his present campaign is estimated at nearly 20,000 men.

Mr. Lincoln had formally accepted the nomination of the Baltimore Convention. A mass meeting had been held at the Cooper Institute to ratify the nomination of General Fremont for the presidency. All the speakers vehemently denounced Mr. Lincoln.

Secretary Chase had resigned, and Mr. Lincoln had nominated as his successor ex-Governor Todd, of Ohio, who having declined the appointment, Senator Fessenden, of Maine, was appointed, and confirmed by the Senate.

THE NUMBER of small firearms exported in the first five months of this year was 71,996, against 186,687 in the corresponding period of 1863, and 287,579 in the corresponding period of 1862. The quantity of gunpowder exported to May 31 this year was 6,172,210 lb., against 6,677,131 lb. in the corresponding date of 1863, and 6,810,942 lb. in the corresponding date of 1862.

GARIBALDI.

THE correspondent of the Times, writing from Ischia, July 6, states that up till that time Garibaldi had remained in seclusion, and was recovering; but, notwithstanding announcements that he could not receive visitors, crowds still flocked to the spot. The correspondent describes, as follows, the singular manifestations of hero worship to which the denial of access to the object of worship had led:—

In consequence of letters, prayers, and entreaties published in the journals that his friends should abstain from coming over, the number of visitors has much diminished; still, not a steamer arrives without bringing its cargo of pilgrims, and really it is amusing to see their longing and their disappointment. "Only let us look at him," I have heard them say, "We are going off to Marseilla or Turin;" "We have been waiting for days—a week—merely to see our saviour." Impossible! and then they have walked about the loggia, and peeped round corners and gazed on the closed *persiana* behind which the great man was reposing. Imagine people picking the very grapes from the *pergolas* under which he has walked, and carrying them home as reminiscences; or, stronger still, see them picking up the peel of the orange which he has eaten and dividing it among themselves and devouring it! In their opinion it has as much virtue as the holy water of Scafati, or as the blood of St. Januarius; and to all intents and purposes Garibaldi receives the honour due to a saint, and, what has never been done to any saint in the calendar, he has been canonised without expense and before his death, *abait omen*. I give you these details to show the strength of the public sentiment and the danger of resisting it, or rather the wisdom of directing and utilising it.

As to Garibaldi's future movements the correspondent writes that no one knows where he will go next.

Palermo is talked of, and an effort will be made to induce him to visit it, but it is to be hoped that it will fail. The Duke of Sutherland last week offered by telegraph the use of his yacht to the General for a few days longer, an offer which was accepted. Among the presents sent to the General have been a sedan-chair, horses, and a beautiful masonic apron, embroidered richly by the Neapolitan ladies in gold. But what is there which the Italians would not give him?

The General appears to be much altered since his arrival; he is weaker and much reduced, but is undoubtedly better than he was a week since.

EUROPE IN 1866.

A CURIOUS map has recently been published in Paris. It is headed "Europe in 1866," and is on the basis of nationalities. First comes the great Scandinavian monarchy, composed of Sweden, Norway, and Finland, with the Gulf of Finland, Lakes Ladoga and Onega, and the White Sea for boundaries between it and Russia. Denmark is completely absorbed in the new German monarchy, of which Berlin is the capital; and the kingdom of Poland, extending from the Baltic to the Black Sea, has Germany, the Slave, and the Greek empires on the west and south, with the Carpathians and the Pruth as its frontiers. Of the Slave empire Pesth is to be the capital, while Vienna falls down to a provincial city. Italy comprises the Roman States, Venetia, and Corsica. Portugal is swallowed up by Spain, to which Gibraltar is restored; and France, as a matter of course, takes in the Rhenish provinces, with the Rhine for its frontier. The colours which designate the countries, as they are to appear in 1866, designate the idiosyncrasy of the respective populations. France, "distinguished for the spirit of justice and humanity above all other European nations," is tinted with carmine, "representing the sentimental fire which God has used in colouring the lips."

The feeling which makes the Italian people glorious is, it seems, rather artistic than humanitarian, more developed in the arts than in their manners; and therefore Italy appears with a pale carmine approaching to rose colour. Spaniards and Portuguese, being less humanitarian than the French and quite as artistic as Italians, but still arrogant and vindictive, are of rose colour, slightly tinted with ochre, "as expressive of roughness."

The English, the most materialist of all people, and the most eager for aggrandisement, are marked with gamboge, the colour of the gold they love. Scotland and Ireland, not having yet attained the same pitch of selfishness and materialism as the Anglo-Saxon race, the artist to depict them has considerably blended the staring yellow with the slightest shade in the world of rose.

The Germans, as a people addicted to study and meditation, and being very fond of music and beer, are marked in sky blue, "which of all other colours most exactly designates their character."

The Slave population, the gentleness of whose character is dashed with a certain roughness not sufficiently entitled to sky blue, are painted in ultramarine.

The Poles, who are also gifted with a musical genius, but are especially characterised by strong attachments, devotedness, and exalted sentiment, which accounts for their being called "the French of the North," are marked by violet, inclining to rose, with a touch of carmine and blue.

The Greeks, who are sure to reduce the Turks to submission at no distant day, are characterised by a love of speculation and commerce, and green, "as the emblem of material hope," is just the colour for them.

The peoples who live near the Poles are of a gentle disposition, and therefore the artist paints the Scandinavians lilac.

The Russians are treated somewhat unceremoniously. They are a barbarous people, with a thin varnish of civilisation, which they exhibit to the west of Europe; but they are at bottom sanguinary and ferocious. Napoleon was quite right when he said, "Scratch a Russian and you shall find the Tartar." Ochre, with a tint of vermillion, is exactly the colour in which a nation like this appears in the map of Europe for 1866.

THE WIMBLEDON RIFLE MEETING.—The great annual gathering of the National Rifle Association at Wimbledon commenced on Monday. There was no regular business done, the day being devoted to "settling down." The Prince of Wales, however, visited the encampment and inspected the arrangements. His Royal Highness had several shots at the running deer and made some good hits. The meeting promises to be the most successful which the association has yet held. Several matches were shot off on Tuesday: among them those for the Oxford and Cambridge Bronze Medal, which was won by Cambridge; and the Middlesex Bronze Medal, won by an officer in the 41st Middlesex. On Wednesday the firing for the Queen's prize commenced soon after nine o'clock, and was continued throughout that and the following day with much spirit.

THE NEW DANISH PRIME MINISTER.—Count Charles Moltke, the new Danish Premier, is one of the nobles of Schleswig—indeed, is a member of the Ritterschaft, or equestrian order, and first made himself conspicuous as an uncompromising stickler for the principles of his class. He was at one time a thorough partisan of the German cause; but on going to reside in Copenhagen he became gradually Danicised, and obtained an important financial post under Christian VIII. He gradually became an advocate of the Whole-State policy, although his son, who since entered the Austrian army, was most anxious to serve against the Danes in 1818 and 1819. During the armistice which was arranged at that period, the Danish Government sent Count Moltke to administer the affairs of Holstein; but the Count, on entering the duchy, received from some friend such advice as decided him upon at once returning to Copenhagen and abandoning the attempt to rule in Holstein. During 1851 Count Moltke took an active part in the memorable negotiations of which the fruits have been so bitter. His position is at present singularly awkward. He is much disliked by the Germans, who regard him as a renegade, and distrusted by the Danes, who look on him, probably, as a disguised German. The choice of such a Minister is scarcely considered, in any political circle, as a hopeful symptom for the satisfactory issue of the pending negotiations. Count Moltke is a reactionary—strongly opposed to all democratic tendencies—a partisan of something like absolute royal power. He was a member of the Blumme Ministry, and is believed personally to stand high in the favour of the present King.—*Morning Star*.

FEARFUL STEAM-BOAT CATASTROPHE IN FRANCE.—FORTY PEOPLE DROWNED.—A terrible steam-boat disaster has just occurred on the river Seine, in France. Some cheap steam-boats have recently started on the river, and have been greatly patronised by the public. They are, however, all vessels of a build which may be considered highly dangerous—very narrow, standing high in the water, and of small draught. One of those steamers (the *Monche*, was on her way to Vaise on Sunday afternoon, her cabins and deck being thronged with passengers. She several times lurched in a dangerous manner, and at length was almost completely thrown on her side by a sudden movement of the rudder, and some fifty persons, including the captain, were thrown into the river in consequence of the breaking of the hand-rail. The scene which followed is described as heartrending. The surface of the water was covered with heads, and arms were seen making desperate efforts to release themselves. The persons who fell in were so compactly thronged together that every one clung to his neighbour in the agony of despair, so that those who might otherwise have escaped by swimming were prevented from using any exertion in that way. The captain lost his life in that manner, for he was seized hold of by two females, one of whom clung round his neck, and the other round his body, and the three sank together. Only about ten persons were able to save themselves by swimming; four or five others were restored to animation after being got on shore, leaving the number of drowned amount to from thirty-five to forty. As the bodies were afterwards taken out of the water, they were deposited on the deck of the *Abbeil* steamer, lying along-side the quay. At six in the evening thirty were brought there. Those who were recognised were afterwards removed to their homes, and the others taken to the *Hotel Dieu*, to await further inquiries. The *Monche* righted after the occurrence, and, instead of stopping to assist in the rescue of the drowning people, made haste to the nearest landing-place. This is said to have been owing to the conduct of some of the passengers, who insisted on being at once put ashore, and actually used violence towards the officers of the vessel. In the mean time the owner of the boat has been arrested, pending the investigation which is in progress.

ENGAGEMENT BETWEEN THE KEARSARGE AND THE FLORIDA.—The Federal steamer Kearsarge and the Florida, Confederate cruiser, according to a report from Southampton, had an engagement off Jersey on Wednesday, in which the Kearsarge was disabled and put into Gorey, off which port the Florida was brought up, ready to renew the engagement.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF WORKS OF ANCIENT MASTERS AND DECEASED BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE noblemen and gentlemen who support this annual collection of "loan-treasures" at the British Institution deserve the warmest thanks of the lovers of art. Few things can be more valuable or interesting than the study thus afforded of the works of the old masters. This year, although many of the great names of the early schools are missing from the catalogue, we are presented with a rare treat in the sight of some of the notable pictures of the past. Chief among these is "Rembrandt's Mill" (112), which everyone will be glad of the opportunity of seeing, after hearing so much of it. It has not been spoken of so highly without reason. The grandeur and poetry of the picture, its vigorous painting and reality, are marvellous. It will be well for the visitor to compare Ward's picture, painted from memory, of the same subject. The vivid realisation of the sky in Rembrandt's work is but feebly followed, and the effect but weakly "held together."

Ruydael is represented here in force. His "Storm" (101) is, perhaps, the finest specimen of his powers. The sea is painted with great truth and force, and the wild grandeur of the scene admirably realised. In Nos. 11 and 83, in which he worked in conjunction with A. Van de Velde, he seems to have found an able coadjutor; both pictures are striking and effective in treatment. Nos. 82 and 94, too, are exceedingly fine.

Wynants and Hobbema are well represented here; and Both appears to advantage. There is also a capital specimen of Van Huisum, in which the distance is especially commendable. Cuypp is not seen to advantage. In No. 29 the sunlight is a little colder than it was his wont to paint it. A portrait of a lady (40), however, exhibits all his mastery of the art. Perhaps our own Crome, after Rembrandt, has the most successfully studied nature. His pictures in this exhibition deserve high praise for their truthfulness and vigour. His coast scene near Yarmouth (172) is splendid, the dash and form of the waves are given with great force, and the treatment of the broken clouds, showing a rift of blue through which the flying gleam of sunlight streams on the coast line, is remarkably fine. His Oak (147) is conscientiously and carefully painted; but next to the picture just mentioned must rank the Harbour Scene (132), which should by no means be overlooked.

Canaletto—once as over-praised as he is now underrated by the critics—seems in this exhibition. It is impossible not to admire the skill and facility with which he covered such acres of canvas. "Walton Bridge" (158) is freer from his faults of mannerism than most of his paintings, and is really very good. His Rotunda at Ranelagh (166) is a curious picture of a long-vanished place, and will be regarded with interest on that account. A very fine Wouvermans (9) should be carefully studied; there is much merit in it. Van de Velde and Backhuysen are both represented by marine views, which scarcely warrant the great reputation they once held, although very far from bad. Claude is to be seen in only one small canvas, in a landscape by no means characteristic of his style. There are some clever church interiors by De Witt, although the drawing of the figures is at times so faulty as to detract considerably from their merit. This is especially noticeable in No. 103, in which, however, the painting of the green curtain is exceedingly fine.

An interior of another sort, by Teniers, the inside of a kitchen (17), is a remarkable specimen of his realistic painting. In another picture of the same class, by Jan Steen (45), will be found one of the best-painted laughing faces we ever remember to have seen.

There is yet another "interior," by Rembrandt (91), marked by all the great painter's knowledge of colour and chiaroscuro.

Salvator Rosa brings us to the consideration of the paintings of religious subjects; but we must not leave the landscapes without a word of high praise for the views by Nasmyth exhibited this year.

"Jacob's Dream" (55), by Rosa, is more remarkable for the wildness of the scenery and the bold and natural drawing of the figures than for any excellence as a specimen of religious art. We are inclined to prefer Nos. 57 and 62. The "Agony in the Garden" (37) is a finer Correggio to our thinking than the "Holy Family" (5), in which, by-the-by, there is some very strange drawing in the Virgin's left hand. Luini's "Baptism of Our Saviour" (21) is stiff and weak, though the Saviour's head is fine and the colouring rich and pure. A "Holy Family" (43), by Sassoterrato, is also weak and soft, and the same may be said of Carlo Dolce's pictures in a less degree. They are, however, to a great extent, redeemed by the colouring. A "Flight into Egypt" (63), by Vanni, is one of the best of the sacred paintings, in our opinion, though a "Holy Family" (129), after Correggio, by Copley, is a fine picture. On the large canvases by Caravaggio (79) and Valentino (87) it is impossible to pronounce as they are hung at present. The "St. Francis" (86) of Caracci, so far as the figure of the saint himself is concerned, is admirable, but the whole is spoilt by the pose of the fiddling angel in the corner.

Perhaps the most interesting portion of the whole exhibition is the collection of portraits. Four masterpieces by Velasquez form a treat seldom to be met with. The sketch of the Infanta and her ladies (111), however, is probably the one that will attract most notice. Its bold and easy treatment is marvellous. Philip IV. of Spain is the subject of two of the portraits (1 and 26), which differ so much as to suggest that the former is wrongly titled. Mr. Vining would have done well to pay a visit to the British Institution ere he made up his Philip for the "Monastery of St. Just." No. 27, Philip's Queen, is a very fine painting, but we are inclined to give the palm to the portrait of Olivarez—the head is so wonderfully lifelike. A portrait by Leonardo da Vinci (10) is very sweet in expression, but the carnations have all flown, which gives the head a corpse-like and unpleasant colour. Guido's "Cardinal Ubaldo" (18) is very fine; but Holbein had the advantage of him in subject in his painting of Sir Thomas More (19), which hangs next to the Cardinal—a splendid head and thoroughly characteristic. Vandyke's "Wentworth, Earl of Strafford" (31) is a very grand portrait, realising for us thoroughly the man in his habit as he lived. The colouring is beautiful. Vandyke's triple portrait of Charles (77) hangs not far off—the weak and cruel character of the monarch traceable in all the features. Another splendid head by Vandyke—we had almost said the best specimen of his best style—is to be found in No. 49—the portrait of Endymion Porter, who, we must confess, has less of the Endymion than of the porter about him.

A portrait of Henry VIII. (39) attributed to Holbein does not appear to bear mark of his handiwork. The very small features and the great size of the face throw doubt on its value as a likeness. A bold and well-drawn head of Masaniello (16), by Rosa, is stamped with the air of truth. It is just such a head as we should expect of the lazzaroni leader of rebellion.

Of the later school of portraiture, Reynolds, Lawrence, Gainsborough, and Romney are pretty strongly mustered. Of Reynolds's pictures, that of the little Methuens (177) is one of the best; but Mrs. Woodley's (122) is a very charming likeness, though hardly equal to the lovely picture of Mrs. Collier (148), which is full of sentiment and grace. Lawrence's "Lady Cremorne" (150) is a fine picture of a noble old lady; and his "Viscount Barrington" (173) a capital piece of character.

Gainsborough's "Lady Sheffield" (156) is a delicious portrait. It might almost be called "the blue girl," as a companion to the famous boy. His likeness of George IV. when Prince is remarkable for the resemblance to be found in it to the present Prince of Wales.

The portrait, however, which is most to our fancy in the exhibition is Romney's "Lady Hamilton" (164), one of the most beautiful faces we have ever seen, with a happily-caught expression of archness and gaiety. We could spend hours in the contemplation of such a face, so spiritedly painted.

We have not space to do more than mention that, in addition to these we have briefly particularised, there are pictures by Wilkie, Morland, Hogarth, Callcott, and others which our readers will do well not to miss. It is not always that the walls of the British Institution are so well covered; and, when it is remembered that the works of art are private property, we can hardly expect their

owners to submit often with such generosity to be deprived of treasures like these even for a short time. They deserve the gratitude of the nation for the desire they display to familiarise the people with the masterpieces of ancient art.

DREADFUL MURDER IN A RAILWAY CARRIAGE.

A MURDER which must rank among the most atrocious on record, if the atrocity of crimes be measured either by the wickedness which they betray or by the terror which they inspire, was committed near Victoria Park on Saturday night. Mr. Briggs, chief clerk in the bank of Messrs. Roberts and Co. of Lombard-street, was picked up, dying, in the space between the up and down lines of the North London Railway, on the canal-bridge between Bow and Hackney-wick. Upon examination his skull was found to have been battered in by a tremendous blow over the left ear; his head was covered with wounds, and his gold watch and eyeglass had been torn from their fastenings. The watch and chain were gone, but the eyeglass was found in the pocket of the deceased. He lingered for more than twenty-four hours, but was wholly insensible, and unable to utter a syllable which might lead to the identification of his murderers. All that is known is that he left Peckham by omnibus at half-past eight in the evening, intending to call in the City, and that he took a first-class ticket by a train at 9.45 from Fenchurch-street. The train in which he travelled quitted the Bow station at two minutes past ten and was due at the Victoria Park station, Hackney-wick, four or five minutes later. In this interval the murder must have been committed and the body thrown out of the railway-carriage. Unfortunately, it was not suspected when the train reached Hackney-wick, where it may be presumed that the murderer or murderers got out. It was not until it arrived at Hackney, some minutes afterwards, that a passenger, opening the door of the same compartment, found the cushions soaked with blood and the evidences of a deadly struggle on the floor, sides, and windows of the carriage. An alarm was instantly given, and a walking-stick and leather bag, as well as a hat, were soon discovered. The two former were recognised as the property of the deceased by his son; but the latter, happily for the purposes of justice, proves to be that of a stranger. It bears the name of the maker, Mr. Walker, of Crawford-street, Marylebone, and is stained with blood. It is believed that the assassins got in at Fenchurch-street, having followed their victim to the platform, but as two other stations—Stepney and Bow—intervene between the terminus and the scene of the murder, it may be difficult to ascertain this fact beyond a doubt.

Mr. Briggs was upwards of sixty years of age. He was a fine, tall, hale man, and resided at No. 3, Clapton-square, near Hackney Church, and was most highly respected and esteemed by a very large circle of friends. On Saturday afternoon, about three o'clock, he left the bank for the day and proceeded to his niece's residence in Nelson-square, Peckham, where he dined. There he remained until half-past eight o'clock, and was seen into an omnibus in the Old Kent-road by the husband of his niece; he then appeared in his usual good health and spirits. He was almost a daily traveller on the line, and was well known to the railway servants.

The outrage was discovered about a quarter of twenty minutes past ten o'clock on Saturday evening. On the arrival at Hackney of the 9.45 train from Fenchurch-street station, a gentleman called the attention of the guard to the state of a compartment of a first-class carriage. He had opened the door with the intention of getting in, and had placed his hand on one of the cushions, which he found to be covered with blood. The guard on looking in found that not only the cushions, but the floor, sides, and windows were besmeared with blood; in some places there was quite a pool. He also found inside the carriage a gentleman's hat, a walking-stick, and a small leather bag. The guard at once took charge of the articles and locked the door. Some ladies who were in the adjoining compartment here called the notice of the guard to the circumstance that some blood had been spured through the carriage window on their dresses as the train came from Bow.

Almost at the same moment that this discovery was made the driver and stoker of an engine which had been working the Hackney-wick and Stratford traffic were returning from the Wick station to the Bow locomotive-works, and as they were approaching the railway-bridge over Duckett's Canal, by the side of the Mitford Arms Tavern, they saw something lying on the space between the up and down line. At first the driver thought it to be a dog, but the stoker judged it to be a human being. The engine had passed the object, but stopped near where the railway passes over the main-drainage works. The stoker got down and went back along the line with a lamp, and on coming to the spot discovered it to be the body of a gentleman saturated with blood and apparently dead. The stoker instantly hailed the driver, and ran down the embankment to the Mitford Arms public-house, belonging to Mr. White. Several persons in the house, with the landlord, at once went with the stoker up to the line, and steps were immediately taken to remove the unfortunate gentleman to the adjacent tavern. When the body was taken to the tavern and laid on a couch suspicions of foul play were at once aroused, for the head seemed to have been battered in by some sharp instrument. The clothes were covered with blood, and the broken link or hook of a watch-chain hung to a button-hole of a waistcoat. No watch or the other part of the chain being found at once led to the supposition that the gentleman had been plundered. The landlord at once gave information to the police and sent for medical assistance. Mr. Brereton, surgeon, of Old Ford, soon arrived, and was followed by Mr. H. Garman, surgeon, of Fairfield-road, Bow, and Mr. Vincent Cooper, of Coborn-road. These gentlemen at once proceeded to examine the wounded gentleman. He was in a state of perfect collapse, quite insensible. On the left side of the head, just over the ear, which is torn away, was found a deep wound; the skull was fractured and the bone driven in. On the base of the skull there were four or five lacerated wounds; there were more blows on other parts of the head, and the medical gentlemen expressed their surprise that the unfortunate sufferer should be alive—the wound over the left ear being alone sufficient to cause death. Stimulants were applied with a view of restoring consciousness, but to no purpose.

A clue to the identity of the gentleman was obtained from some letters in his pocket. On his family being made aware of the melancholy occurrence, Mr. Briggs's son and the family doctor at once repaired to the Mitford Tavern, and in the course of the night he was removed to his own residence, No. 5, Clapton-square, Hackney. In his trousers pocket was found £1 10s. in gold and silver, and a silver snuffbox in his coat pocket. There was also a diamond ring on his finger. Through Mr. Briggs, jun., the police ascertained that when his father left home on Saturday morning he wore a gold watch with an albert chain, and a gold eyeglass attached to a hair guard. On examining the waistcoat it was seen that a watch had been torn from the waistcoat pocket, and the chain had been broken short off the link or hook which still held to the waistcoat pocket.

The carriage in which the murder was committed is of ordinary construction, containing four compartments. The seats are divided in two by an arm-rail, and are covered with blue cloth and leather-cloth. The compartment in which the outrage took place is covered with blood in all directions, and shows that the struggle between the murdered man and his assailant must have been fearful. The handle of the door, the door itself, and the outside steps are also covered with blood. The stick found in the carriage is a thick cane with a heavy ivory knob. It is also covered with blood, and looks as if it had been used in the struggle.

The bag which Mr. Briggs had with him is of the kind generally used by bankers' clerks in removing bullion, and it has been thought that the deceased had been watched for some time by his assailant, under the supposition that it contained a large quantity of money; that he was followed into the carriage, and that the murderer waited his opportunity to obtain possession of the treasure. It is stated that the bag was empty; but the brass lock bears bloody finger-marks, which would seem to indicate that it had been opened by some one after the attack had been made. The near approach of

the train to Hackney-wick station, however, would account for the murderer not possessing himself of the other property which the deceased had, if plunder was his object. Every moment, also, was of the greatest importance in enabling him to escape. The ordinary time allowed for the passenger-trains to run from Bow to Hackney-wick is four minutes; but when a train is late, as was the case with the one in question, the driver often puts on extra speed to make up for lost time. The carriage-window is guarded with three strong brass rods to prevent passengers from leaning out. It is therefore clear that the deceased must have been thrust out of the open door. The first thing that attracted notice was the furthestmost cushion on the right side, which lay bottom upwards on the seat. It is covered with American leather-cloth, and the spaces where the buttons were secured were filled with blood. The glass window and arm-rest were also spattered and smeared. The deceased had remarked to his family that he often dozed off in the railway carriage when returning from business, and it is conjectured that he might have dropped off in a slight sleep during the journey, when he was so murderously assailed. On the cushion on the opposite seat there is a large clot of blood. Both centre arms bear marks of blood, as if spurted on, and there are also smears along the edges of the cushions, as if bloody fingers had been wiped on them. The flooring of the carriage is covered with a strip of cocoa matting, but there does not appear to be much blood on it, except at the further end. The cloth on the right-hand arm of the seat is besmeared, as if the deceased had been dragged over it in getting him to the door.

Great surprise has been expressed that so fearful a murder should have been committed merely for the sake of an old-fashioned watch and chain, more especially as the murdered man's pocket-book, purse, diamond ring, and gold eye-glass were left behind, and many persons are of opinion that the object of the murderer was not merely robbery. It is somewhat singular, too, that the perpetrator of the outrage, who must have been covered with fresh blood, should have been able to pass unnoticed by the persons about the station and the ticket collector.

The watch-chain which Mr. Briggs wore before he was killed has been found. It had been sold, and the person who bought it has given a description of the individual from whom he obtained it.

The Government has offered a reward of £100 for information which will lead to the discovery and conviction of the murderer; to this Messrs. Roberts and Co. have added another £100, and a further sum of £100 has been offered by the railway company.

STATUE OF PISCANE AT SALERNO.—A statue has just been erected at Salerno in honour of one of the Neapolitan martyrs, Carlo Piscane. In 1857 Carlo Piscane landed with an expedition at Sapri. It was unfortunate; much blood was shed; and the Cagliari cause was tried, in which near three hundred men, among them our countrymen Watt and Parks, were placed at the bar. "How great the change," writes a correspondent, "which has taken place since then! Let the impatient and discontented read this page of their history well! Nicotera, whom I then saw in prison, in court, in chains, and, finally, a condemned criminal under sentence of death, last Saturday stood in the same city as its representative to inaugurate the erection of a statue in honour of his chief; and a mighty crowd had assembled, without any interference on the part of the police, to join in the festivities."

THE KEARSARGE'S PRISONERS.—A question of importance, says a Paris letter, has arisen between the Captain of the Kearsarge and the naval authorities at Cherbourg. Captain Winslow, from motives of humanity, sent eight wounded sailors of the Alabama to the Cherbourg Marine Hospital, in order that they might be better taken care of than they could be on board the Kearsarge. But he never intended to give up his prisoners, and he now claims that, in his absence, they should be sent as prisoners on board the Sacramento. The Cherbourg authorities reply that it is an indisputable proposition of French law that every prisoner of war who sets his foot on French soil is, ipso facto, free. The four officers of the Alabama, who had landed at Cherbourg on parole, and surrendered themselves when the Kearsarge left, raise the same question as the eight sailors. They surrendered under protest, and allege that they were made to give their parole in ignorance of the fact that the moment they landed Captain Winslow ceased to have any jurisdiction over them.

THE CIRCASSIANS.—A letter, dated Iteboli, June 23, describing the condition of the Circassian immigrants, says:—"There are 5000 Circassians here just now, and every week Government steamers, sailing vessels, and market calves add to their number. To depict fully their awful state utterly baffles any power of description; it would, in fact, require the pen of a Defoe. Smallpox, typhus fever, and dysentery are making the most fearful ravages among them. The Pacha did good service in causing the sheds for washing the dead, which had been erected in the heart of the town, to be removed to the suburbs; he also forbade all interments in the cemetery, and caused a special place of burial to be found outside. He likewise prohibited the women and children of the quarter from having any communication with the immigrants, and levied a muster of horses, mules, and asses to transport as many as possible into the interior. Many of the resident families remain shut up in their houses for fear of contagion; typhus fever has broken out among them, and I fear smallpox will speedily follow in its wake. As many as 150 inhabitants have caught pestilential disease. As for the Circassians, the number of deaths among them continues to increase daily; and if they go on, indeed, in the same ratio not a quarter of those who are landed will ever reach Angora, which is their destination. Fortunately, there is plenty of flour, which is distributed daily by the authorities, otherwise they must all perish. With great difficulty we contrived to get some mutton, and a little beef is occasionally procured, but it is not fit for human food, for all the animals are diseased and are strangled when they are no longer fit to stand. The Turkish women of the country, who deemed it a work of mercy and merit (*sachab*), were in the habit of coming indiscriminately to wash the bodies of the Circassian women who died; but this was very properly put a stop to by the Pacha, who set apart three or four specially for this sad task, and selected the Imam and another to perform the same melancholy duties for the men."

THE AMERICAN GENERALS.

THE struggle in America is rapidly approaching a fresh crisis, and, though it cannot be said that any immediate event—even should that event be the taking of Richmond—would put an end to the civil war and to the horrible slaughter which has accompanied it, the eyes of all the world are at present fixed upon the two Generals on whom the present position of the respective armies depends.

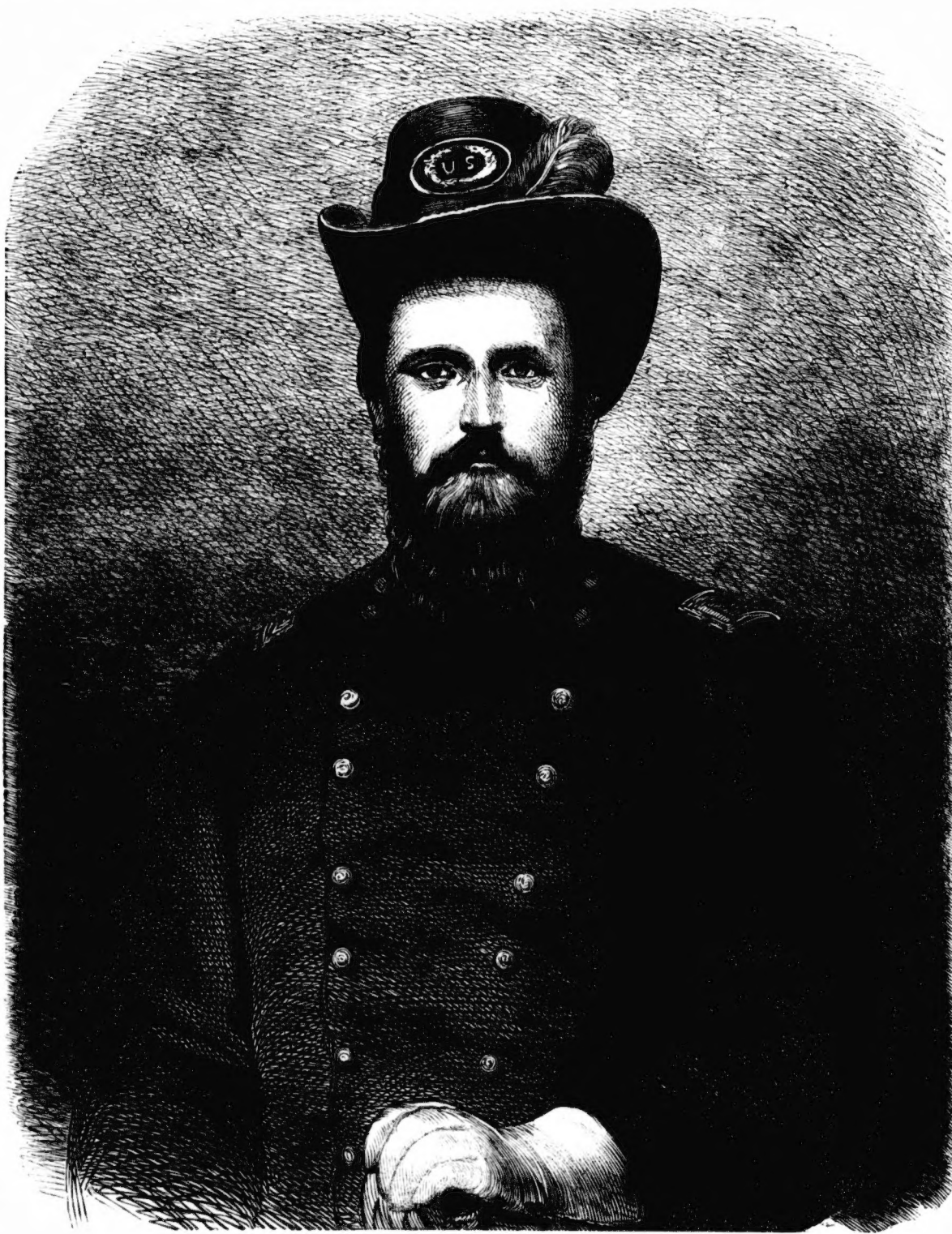
The Commander of that tremendous force, the Federal army of the Potomac, seems determined to effect by an obstinate persistence what his predecessors failed to accomplish by less decided means, and he has indeed given fearful evidence that he will not be easily turned from his purpose, whatever it may cost in blood and men to achieve. Whether the terrible slaughter which the Federal troops have sustained under his command will not frustrate his efforts, by its effects on the army in the field and upon public opinion in New York, cannot at present be determined. Of the hundred thousand men who have been lost in the late engagements, by far the greater proportion—probably two thirds, at least—were Federals who were brought up reserve after reserve against the Confederate force, which Lee, like a wise General, had so arranged as to defy the efforts of his antagonists, who have themselves been subject to those fierce and rapid onslaughts which have so often been disastrous to their ranks. In his present position it would appear that General Lee is not to be overcome by the accumulation of forces, and that he has been thoroughly aware of the nature of the tactics with which he had to deal. Lately Grant seems to have discovered this, and has begun to manoeuvre. He is himself an able General, and, though comparatively a young man (being only thirty-six years of age), has seen more service than most of the American generals. His first campaign was made in Mexico, and in 1847 he served as Quartermaster-General, but had retired from the service when the war broke out, and was intrusted with the command of the 21st Regiment of Illinois volunteers. In 1861 he received the command of a brigade, and in March, 1862, was appointed to that of the army in Western Tennessee. The capture of Vicksburg and the ability with which he repaired the effects of Johnston's victory near Chattanooga led to his appointment to the principal command of the army of the Potomac. Grant's characteristics seem to be consummate self-possession and immovable obstinacy. Several stories are told of his coolness in the field, one of which relates that, on an occasion when an advance of the Federal troops was ordered, he was standing amidst his staff, quietly "whittling" and smoking his inevitable short wooden pipe. Suddenly a messenger came up with the

report that the troops had fallen back and were retreating before the Confederates. "I don't believe it," said Grant, continuing to whistle. Another and another messenger, however, confirmed the report; whereupon the imperturbable but active General threw away his stick, but, without taking his pipe from his mouth, jumped on to his horse, and, by a rapid disposition of his troops, retrieved the fortunes of the day.

A correspondent of the *New York Times* writes:—"I was near General Grant during that terrible Friday (June 3) in the Wilderness. To all outward appearance he was cool, calm, and unoccupied. The skin is so drawn over his forehead that wrinkles there don't show when he is perplexed, and his beard so hides his mouth that no nervousness there betrays his thought. So he sat and whittled, cutting away at his stick with leisurely, measured, meditative strokes much of the time, but turning his knife and cutting at the end nearest himself with short, clipping strokes whenever word came of any important change in the chances of battle. Thus he fought the great contest with knife and stick, and," adds the writer, "giving the reins to his fancy, when the stick was gone the enemy was beaten."

When Grant wrote "The enemy seem to have found their last ditch," he was, in spite of his supposed coolness, perpetrating a highflown bit of "buncombe" in consequence of a very temporary success; and, indeed, it would appear that Lee is more than a match in real generalship for all the leaders of the North. He is older, keener, and more experienced than Grant; for he was born in Virginia in 1808, is a descendant of Washington, and, after his military studies, became a Major of Engineers in the Mexican War; after which he became director at West Point, the military school where both Generals were educated.

During the war in the East he was, with McClellan, sent by the Government to the Crimea to watch the siege of Sebastopol. When the war in America broke out he received the command of the Confederate troops in Virginia, and somewhat later was made Commander-in-Chief. He has, however, always fought in Virginia, with the exception of the time when he crossed the Potomac and invaded Maryland and Pennsylvania. His chief exploits are the seven days' battles

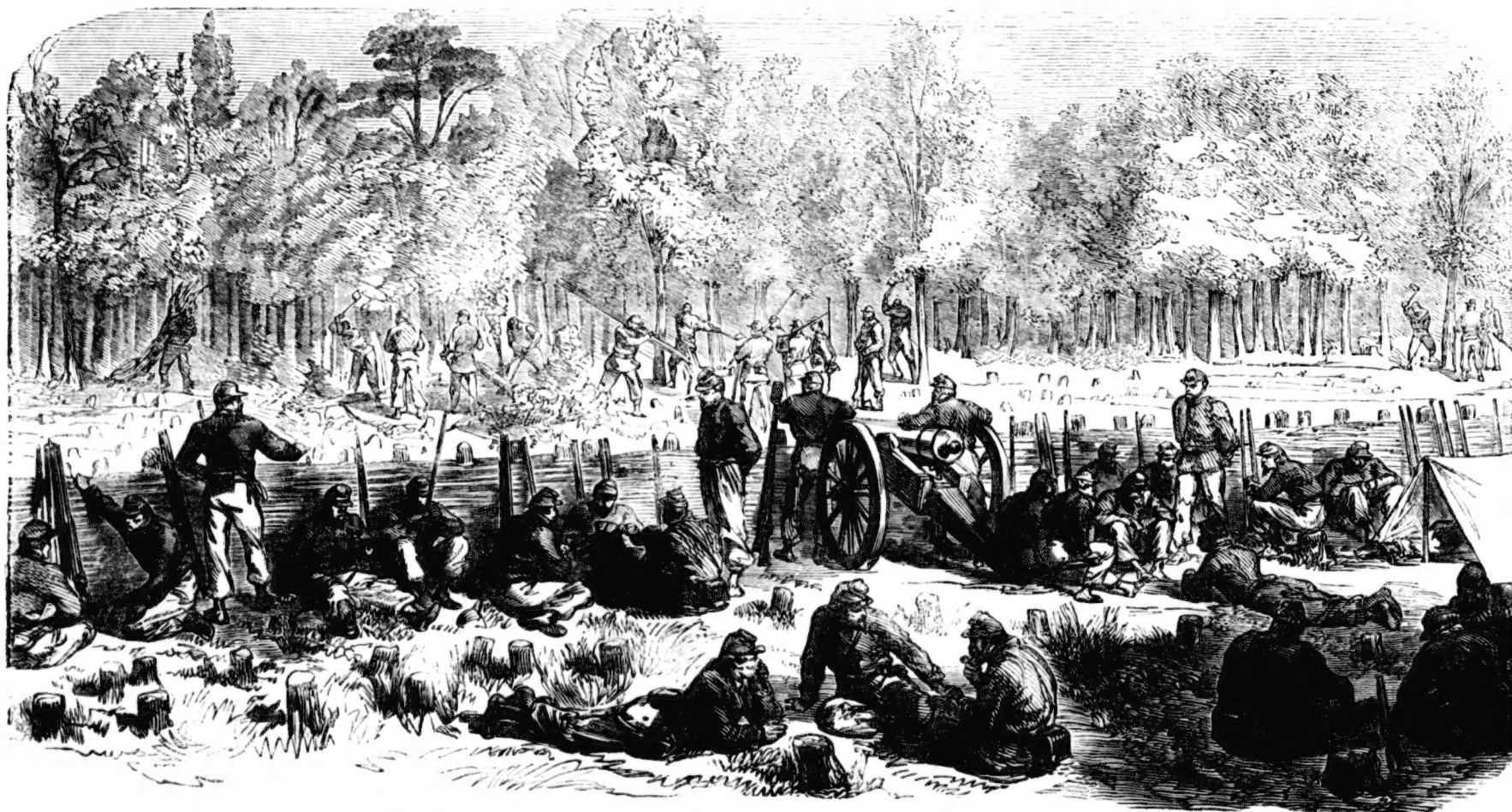


GENERAL ULYSSES GRANT, COMMANDER OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

before Richmond, when McClellan was defeated; the great defeat of Pope, the invasion above mentioned, the fierce and bloody contest at Antietam, the victories of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the second invasion of the North, during which he encountered the repulse of Gettysburg. He is the only one of the American Generals, except Grant, who knows how to manage 100,000 men.

The Federal troops have now other enemies to contend with beside the foe, enemies against which generalship is of small avail—burning heat and the diseases which the trying climate brings to soldiers in camp. A correspondent of the *New York Herald*, writing from headquarters in the field on the 25th of June, says:—

"For the past few days the heat has been almost unendurable opening a very Pandora's box of miseries, whose influences, if long continued, must surely crush every spark of energy out of man and beast. Heat! dust! flies! Suffocating heat! blinding dust! torturing flies! The thermometer reported at 98 to 100 under the canvas of our tents. The flies swarming everywhere; settling upon hands and faces, biting sharply, buzzing annoyingly, provoking men to profanity, irritating horses to madness. Welting heat! perspiration flowing freely from every pore, saturating woollen garments, and leaving the body at night in a state of cold, clammy discomfort. No breath of air to relieve the stifling heat; scarce any water to cleanse away the dust; and the crawling, biting, buzzing insects pestering with impunity. Could the plagues of Egypt have been greater? Really, the heat is almost intolerable; and, unless we soon have grateful and heavy showers to cool the atmosphere and replenish the empty watercourse, there is likely to be sickness and distress. Let the righteous pray for refreshing rain." A subsequent paragraph in the letter says:—"Another exceedingly oppressive day, and the mercury still rising. Military operations of an active character are, by general consent, as it were, for the time being suspended. No rain has fallen for more than three weeks, and the natural advantages for procuring water in this part of the country being of a very limited character, a drought is, perhaps, the most fatal enemy which confronts this army. The results of



FEDERAL ARTILLERY BELONGING TO HANCOCK'S DIVISION CONSTRUCTING INTRENCHMENTS.

this state of affairs is causing serious apprehension, and, indeed, they are already being developed in the form of sickness among the troops. To-day the ambulances have been engaged almost exclusively in carrying sick men from the front to the hospitals in the rear."

It may be imagined, under these circumstances, what must be the sufferings of the troops who are employed in the kind of service depicted in our Engraving, which represents an artillery regiment belonging to Hancock's division constructing intrenchments.

THE CAPTURE OF A SPANISH BANDIT.

FOR a long time our old friend the Spanish bandit has ceased to hold a prominent place either in fiction or in the more ordinary narratives of travellers and the accounts of political affairs. Not many years ago he was continually associated either with extraordinary adventures, or with the public affairs of Spain, for the Peninsular War had given him a definite standing as a guerrilla, and he continued to act in the same capacity during the Carlist troubles. In whatever character he appears, however, the Spanish bandit, like most other villains, is a less romantic ruffian than he appears at first sight—a plundering, foul, dirty, cut-throat mostly; and, taken in the ordinary exercise of his calling, a beetle-browed, blood-thirsty, sneaking scoundrel—to be goaded into a sort of wild courage on occasions of great personal danger, but otherwise with little of the heroic about him. The Italian brigands, to whom he bears a close criminal likeness, have lately completely superseded him in the public appreciation, and their atrocities, under sacred Papal patronage, have gone far to outshine the worst deeds ever enacted by him and his followers; but he is by no means eradicated, much less reformed into honest piety and good citizenship, as might be supposed by his long retirement from popular notice. Our Engraving represents the capture of one of his most notorious representatives whose career has just been brought to a termination, to the very great satisfaction of a number of people to whom he was a source of constant dread, and of harmless travellers whom he and his band have robbed, taken prisoners, and afterwards only released on receiving a ransom.

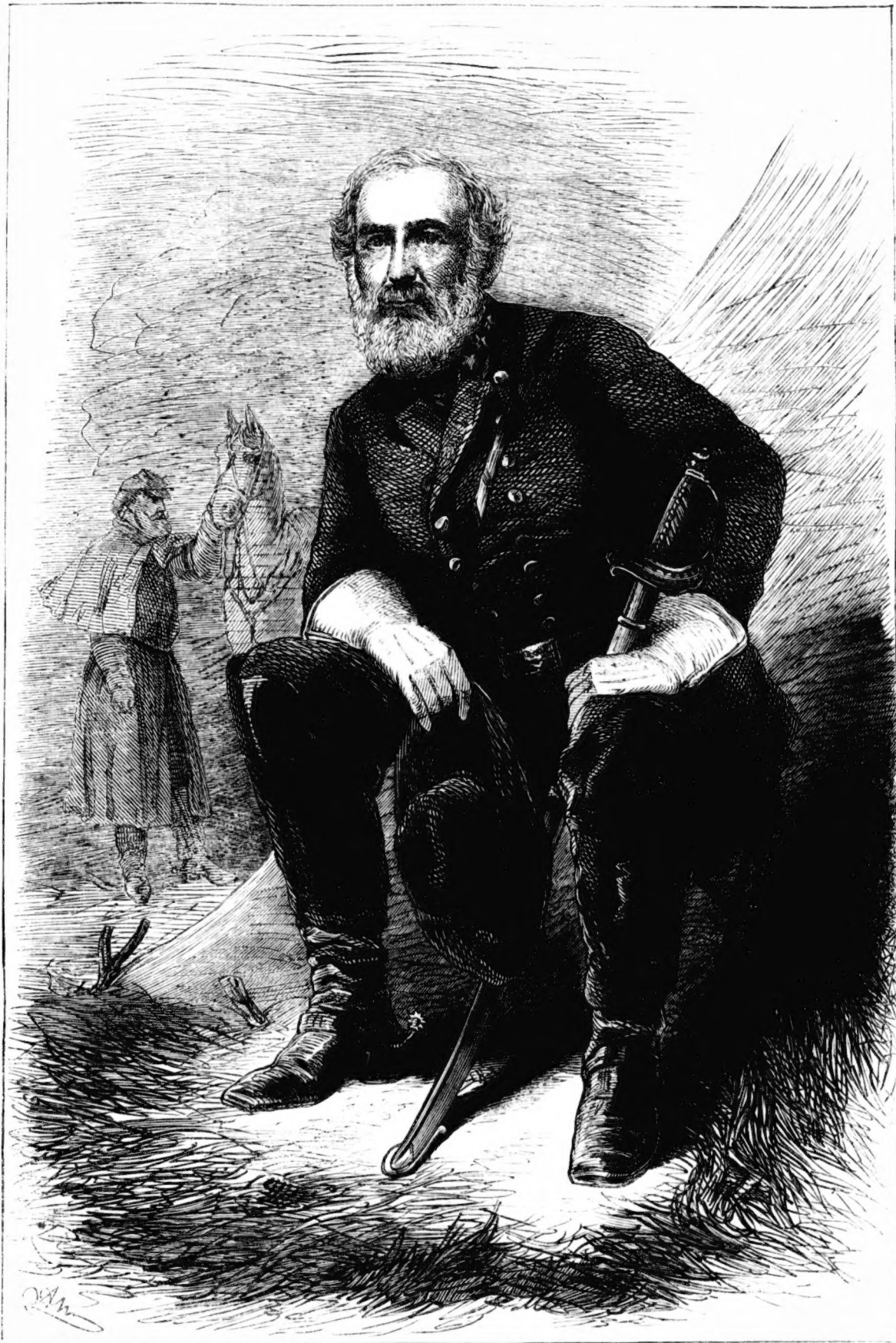
Nicolas Jordan—a name which has about it something of an American ring—was chief of a band of Spanish bandits who have for many months been the terror of Andalusia. This temporarily successful chief was born, of noble parents, in 1815, in the town of Archidona, and, while quite young, received the education which doubtless fitted

him for his subsequent career in the service of Don Carlos; and, after some years, during which his father had died and he had lost any hope of recovering his property, he went to settle in Antequera. Here he was soon led to manifest his inclination for a lawless life; and, having been condemned, as punishment for a robbery, to eight years' separate imprisonment, contrived to effect his escape, and completely devoted himself to his professional career, during which his name was constantly connected with all the robberies and assassinations of the district. One of his most prominent achievements was the capture of Don José Casamayor, one of the most influential of the inhabitants of his native town. In the midst of a fête which this gentleman was giving to his friends, Jordan and his band succeeded in carrying him off to the mountains, where they exacted a ransom of 100,000 reals, or about £1000. As the lady of Don José was at first disinclined to pay so large a sum for the restoration of her husband to the messenger who had been sent to demand it, Jordan waited on her himself, and, after having received the money, reconducted the prisoner to his home and then bade him adieu, telling him that should he desire any further explanation he would find him that evening at the theatre. By this and similar deeds the terror which he had inspired in the country was so great that nobody dared lay hands upon him, especially as he visited with some sort of punishment even those who ventured to abuse him in public.

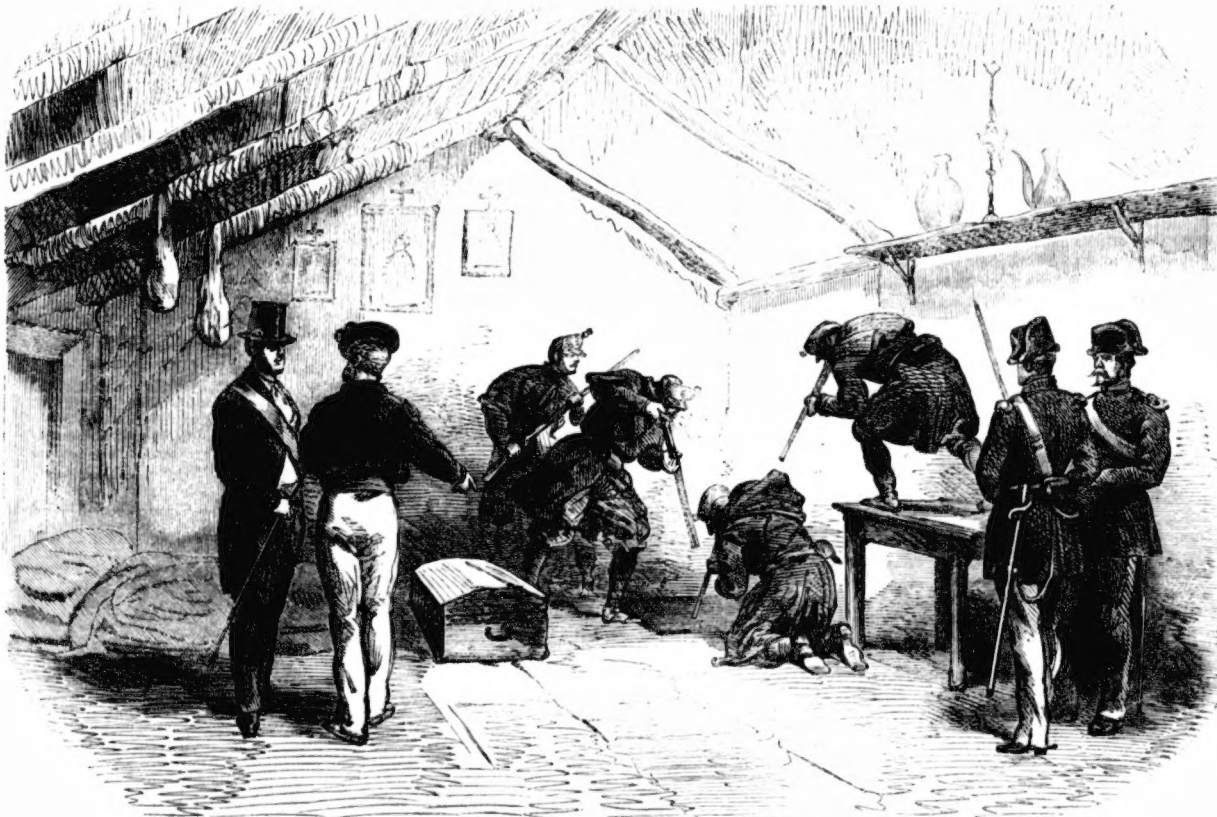
He frequently lodged at a little house at Antequera, situated at the extremity of the town, and here had contrived a hiding-place in case of surprise. To this place he was tracked by the Municipal Guard, to whom it is supposed he was betrayed in return for a bribe, and found himself suddenly caught like a rat in a trap. He had for a moment hoped to escape the danger, however, for they had searched the house without discovering him, and the Alcáde Corregidor was about to leave, when, in moving a chest which stood in one corner of the room, they found a trap-door, which, on being raised, revealed the bandit crouching in a sort of excavation beneath the floor, and armed with a double-barrelled gun, a revolver, a poniard, and a pistol.

He made a determined resistance with these weapons, until, finding himself wounded, to prevent his being taken alive he blew out his brains with the last barrel of his revolver.

His body was afterwards exposed for two days as a warning to evildoers, and for the comfort of the people, at Antequera.



GENERAL R. E. LEE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CONFEDERATE ARMY.



ARREST OF NICOLAS JORDAN, A NOTORIOUS SPANISH BANDIT, BY GENSDARMES AT ANTEQUERA.



PORTRAIT OF NICOLAS JORDAN.

INNER LIFE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.—NO. 244.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

We are embarrassed with riches. The great fight furnishes us with materials for at least a dozen columns, whereas we dare not appropriate more than two. We must, then, condense and abridge with what skill we possess. In our last we said nothing about the speeches, nor can we dilate much upon them now. There were in all thirty-seven, and the time occupied was about thirty-one hours. This, then, in one sense, was a great debate. But was it a great debate in the highest sense? We venture to think that it was not so great a debate as some which we have known and heard; and the reason for this is not far to seek. Most of the speakers spoke in fetters on the Conservative side; they had to condemn a policy which had secured to us peace, and yet to steer clear of a policy of war; and, further, in eschewing war, they had to avoid an advocacy of Cobden's doctrine of non-intervention—which is an abomination to all Conservative souls. On the other side, the speakers had a still more difficult task to perform, for all of them not in the Ministry, with the exception of Bernal Osborne, had to condemn the Government, and yet to vote for it. How was it possible, then, for men in such case to speak freely, *ex animo*, as we say? and if they could not speak from the heart how could it be possible for them to speak well? Still, under the circumstances, they did well; and perhaps the characteristic of their speeches most to be admired was the ingenuity with which most of them managed to condemn the policy of the Government and at the same time to justify their votes. And now a few words on the more prominent speakers.

DISRAELI BEGINS THE CONFLICT.

Disraeli opened the fight. He rose at twenty minutes to five. He was received, of course, with uproarious cheers from his party; and it was easy to see that, though oppressed with the gravity of his position, he was exhilarated by the reflection that once more he was at the head of his party—again its unquestioned, trusted leader—commissioned to hurl it in all its united force upon the intrenchments of its natural foe. Success, too, glittered in his view; for at that time it seemed almost certain that, if a victory could not be secured to the Conservatives, the Government would obtain a majority so small that it would be driven either to vacate its position or to dissolve Parliament. No wonder, then, that the Conservative leader, whilst he was duly impressed by his responsibility, was, on the other hand, proud and elated. The cheers having subsided, Disraeli stretched himself to his full height, as is his manner, folded his arms, and, turning himself somewhat round so as better to face the majority of his hearers, began his speech. And here let the reader mark how he began it, for the first sentence is entirely characteristic of the man. "Sir," said he, "the longest and most disastrous wars of Europe have been wars of succession." and then, in clear and beautiful language, he proceeded to illustrate this apophthegm. It is said to be exceedingly difficult to begin a speech. Disraeli is, however, a great master at exordium. He always begins his set speeches impressively and well, never failing to secure at once the attention and, we may say, the admiration of his hearers. And on this occasion his exordium was certainly a great success. We, however, do not intend to criticise this speech at length. Some say that it was an exceedingly good speech; others declare that it was an utter failure. The truth lies probably between these two extremes. Our own opinion is that it was a reasonably good speech; as good a speech as any man in the house, hampered as Disraeli was, could have made. He failed—if he failed at all—when he came to lay down premises, argue therefrom, and quote protocols and other state-papers, to make his reasoning good. We have more than once in these papers said that Disraeli is no logician. He can flash out a truth, or an error cunningly dressed to make it look like a truth; he is clever at repartee and caustic sarcasm—no man more so; but he cannot reason. He can neither conduct an argument nor comprehend one; and whenever he attempts to reason, as he did on that Monday night, he inevitably fails. But there is another fatal fault in Disraeli's speeches; and the full force of this we could not but feel on this occasion. They never seem to come from the heart, or, in other words, he never seems to be sincere. Disraeli's orations are clever—got up with considerable skill, elaborated with great art; but there evidently is not in them the inspiration of sincerity, and without that no speaker can really be impressive. But on this hear what Goethe says, through the lips of Faust:—"How can one govern the world by persuasion?" asks Wagner. Whereupon Faust, as translated by Theodore Martin,

That is a power which is not to be taught;
It must be felt, must gush forth from within,
And, rising to the lips in words unsought,
The hearts of all to deep emotion win.
Sit on for ever! Till you ache,
Your patchwork and mosaics make,
And, blowing at your ash-heap, fan
What miserable flame you can:
Children and apes will praise your art—
A dainty triumph, you must own—
But you will never make heart throb with heart,
Unless your own heart first has struck the tone.

But, suggests Wagner,

Delivery makes the orator's success;
In that I'm far behind, I must confess.

FAUST.

Scorn such success! play thou an honest game:
Be no mere tinkling fool.
True sense and reason reach their aim
With little help from art or rule.
Be earnest! Then what need to seek
The words that best thy meaning speak?
Yes, your orations garnished, trimmed, refined,
Tickling men's fancies where they are chiefly weak,
Are unrefreshing as the drizzling wind,
As through the autumn sere leaves whistle bleak.

There, this is a long quotation; but, if we mistake not, it will be the first part of our week's contribution to be read and the last to be forgotten. Nay, we suspect that many of our readers, before they consign our writing to the waste-paper basket, will cut this out and enshrine it in their scrap-books.

GLADSTONE.

After Disraeli came Gladstone, according to arrangement; for we arrange these matters in the House of Commons, and do not, as you may imagine, reader, leave them to accident. A word in the Speaker's ear is enough: "Gladstone is to speak next," and, if a hundred men rise, Gladstone, of course, catches the Speaker's eye first. He is not the eye of the Speaker under his own command? We need not tell our readers that the Chancellor of the Exchequer spoke well, for on him Nature has bestowed all the gifts of oratory. He has excellent presence, forcible, elegant action, opulence of language beyond precedent, a fine fancy, a poetic imagination, and reasoning powers almost too acute. The writers in the Liberal papers describe the speech of Gladstone as one of his most masterly orations, and, as an answer to Disraeli, as trenchant, complete, and victorious. But to this decision, as impartial critics, we must demur. To our minds this was not by any means one of the Chancellor of the Exchequer's most successful efforts. He, too, seemed to us to be hampered by circumstances, weighed down by the necessity to prove what was unprovable, tethered by the obligation to defend what in his heart he could not sincerely approve. This was how it struck us as we looked and listened from our gallery perch, and marked how, when he seemed to be about to soar away into the highest regions of oratory, he was checked and had to fold his wings, and keep in a lower level. In short, though this great orator spoke eloquently, as he always does; made hits which told smartly upon his opponents; brought down rattling cheers from his party; and, what is still more to the point, kept that vast assembly for a full hour from their dinners; he never, to our minds, rose quite up to the line of former achievements. And yet there was much to inspire him in the audience before him; for, besides the crowd of members present, there was Tennyson in front of the Peers' Gallery, with eyes fixed

upon the speaker; a little way off from the Poet Laureate sat the Bishop of Oxford, who himself is an orator of no mean repute; on the other side of the house was Earl Russell, whose conduct Mr. Gladstone had specially to defend; whilst in the Ambassadors' Gallery there were diplomatic representatives from every European Court. Truly, an august assembly. But what would all this avail if the speaker, as we suspect, was not at ease? Do not, however, reader, run away with the notion that this speech was a failure. Gladstone never speaks badly; his average speeches are better than other men's loftiest efforts. When Gladstone sat down, the House rose as a flock of starlings when disturbed rises, and, whirling away to dinner, left the debate to be carried on by Mr. Newdegate, with about fifty men to listen, or perhaps to sleep. Of Mr. Newdegate we shall say nothing, nor can we stop to notice the speech of Mr. Kinglake. Indeed, we heard neither Newdegate nor Kinglake; but we must say a word or two about the remarkable oration delivered by

GENERAL PEEL.

The gallant General has no reputation in the House as a speaker. He is noted for his acute business-like criticisms of the War Office, and he is always listened to with respect, partly because his criticisms are acute, partly because he is very popular, and partly because he is General Peel, the late Sir Robert's brother; but generally he hobbles and stutters vilely, and, until Monday night, was always thought to be a very indifferent speaker. But on this occasion he must have been inspired—moved by some Divine affluence—for he not only spoke better than he ever did before, but delivered an oration which, for real heart-spoken eloquence and epigrammatic point, was not excelled by any speech in the debate. "But, General, did you not go beyond the prescribed rôle? Was it not ordered and arranged that 'Peace' was to be the word, and that the British lion rampant should not be brought on to the scene, but only, if admitted at all, in a couchant attitude, with an olive-branch in his mouth? How came you, then, to lash him thus into a rage, and make him ramp and roar in this defiant manner? And that allusion to the duello, too, General? Surely that havannah which you smoked as you walked down to the house must have excited your imagination and taken you back in fancy to old times. You said, 'What would be thought if a man refused to defend his honour because he was too rich to be shot at?' Well, this was epigrammatically put. But, General, nobody, whether rich or poor, you know, fights duels now." Whether the good General had spoken contrary to the order we cannot say; but this is certain—he evidently spoke to the hearts of a number of the Conservatives behind, for they cheered him uproariously.

COBDEN, ETC.

Our space is dwindling away; we must therefore notice the remaining important speakers in batches. Mr. Cobden moved the adjournment of the debate on Monday, and therefore, by right, reopened it on Tuesday. Of course, the House was again well filled to hear Mr. Cobden. His speech will probably be the only one that will be remembered and quoted hereafter; all the rest will lie entombed in Hansard, never to rise again, for they were mainly addressed to the temporary question at issue—the conduct of Earl Russell and the contest for place and power, whereas Mr. Cobden laid down a broad principle of foreign policy for the future. "The mistakes made by Earl Russell cannot be remedied; in the struggle for power I feel no deep interest; but what ought our foreign policy to be in the future?" This was Mr. Cobden's idea. He spoke for an hour or more. He was not rapturously cheered. He seldom is. He aims not at temporary applause, but at securing attention to the truths he has to teach. Lord Robert Cecil followed Mr. Cobden. His Lordship began smartly, but soon got to arguing and quoting protocols, which is not much in his Lordship's way. If Lord Robert be not smart, personal, and bitter, he is nothing. Mr. W. E. Forster spoke calmly and wisely, as he always does. Mr. Butler Johnstone followed, but he failed to hold the House. This young aspirant for fame is sinking rather than rising. He has spoken several times since he made his début, but has not kept up to the level of his first speech. Mr. Horsman, to the astonishment of all, defended the Government. His speech was in his own peculiar style, which all have come to know so well. His main position was that if the influence of England had declined, Parliament is to be blamed. Mr. Horsman's harangue was cleverly got up, but it smelt of the lamp. The *ars celare artem* Mr. Horsman has not yet learned. To answer Mr. Horsman, and all and each on the other side, Mr. Fitzgerald rose. Now, Mr. Fitzgerald is one of the Conservative great guns, and his speech was looked forward to with some interest. But Mr. Fitzgerald was unfortunate as to time. It was midnight when he got up. The House had been in session eight hours, and was wearied and jaded; and so it came to pass that, soon after Mr. F. rose, the House got into a state of solution, and long before his speech was ended began to flow away; and here endeth the second night.

LAYARD AND HARDY.

Mr. Layard opened the third night with the best speech far away that he ever delivered, and the best defence of the Government which this conflict elicited. It was carefully prepared, delivered with great force, and was disfigured by much less of that impetuous imprudence which has so often spoiled Mr. Layard's orations. The principal speakers on the other side had fought mainly, if we may so say, with artillery—the big guns of the protocols and papers which had been laid upon the table—and their shots were, for a time, effective enough. Mr. Layard's game was to seize these big guns and turn them upon the enemy; and this he did with brilliant success. Mr. Layard gained more cheers than any man on the Government side of the House; and certainly damaged the case of the Opposition more than any other speaker. It was capital fun, this cannonading, whilst it lasted. But see, Mr. Gathorne Hardy has sprung to his feet to drive back the assailant, and, if possible, to mend the Conservative works, which have been so frightfully damaged. But will he do it? That is to be doubted. Mr. Hardy is a wonderful speaker. In his way, he is unparalleled. If the power to pour forth words be eloquence, Mr. Hardy is probably the most eloquent man of his day; and, to do him justice, he has a good command over his words; for, though his speaking is as rapid as a mountain torrent, he never blunders in his grammar, never stutters or hobbles, and never loses the thread of his discourse. In short, his eloquence—if it be eloquence—is wonderful. But, somehow, though his speaking excites our wonder, and occasionally evokes tempests of applause, it is not effective, and nothing that he says is ever remembered. And it is not difficult to discover why this is so. There is not much in his speeches, and what there is is lost in the wordy torrent. After Mr. Hardy a dullness came over the House and continued to the end of the night. Most of the speakers were but second or third rate men, the one exception being the Attorney-General, and even he—accomplished orator as he is—was not listened to with patience.

SHOWMAN'S WIT.

The fourth night's performance was inaugurated by our primo buffo, Mr. Bernal Osborne, who for an hour kept us in a roar. This was a great relief. The House was getting very weary of this discussion, and the side-shaking which Mr. Osborne gave us was very acceptable. So far, then, Mr. Osborne deserves thanks. But was Mr. Osborne's exhibition in place in such a debate as this? We venture to answer, No. Not that we would proscribe wit and condemn humour. On the contrary, we hold that both are allowable in the gravest debates, when their object is to ridicule error and to commend the truth. But, in the first place, there was no wit, certainly nothing better than showman's wit, and no true humour in the performance; and, secondly, the attempts at wit were wrongly aimed. They were meant to make the people laugh, and nothing more. As to the character of Mr. Osborne's wit—well, let any man look at it a month hence and then value it. But we pass on, and, leaping over some of the speakers of the evening, who were generally mere Parliamentary nobodies, we come to the

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange, eventful history.

FINALE.

It was expected that this debate would run far into the small hours; but lo! when the clock marked half-past eleven, Lord Palmerston, following Mr. Walpole, to our great joy rose; and by this sign we knew that the beginning of the end was come. Of Lord Palmerston's speech we must say nothing, and of Disraeli's reply no more than this: the Conservative leader was in no good humour when he rose to finish the debate. He had been led to believe that he should win the fight, or, if not, leave the Government with a miserable majority of some three or four. But now all his hopes were dashed. The chief whip had reported to him that after all his tremendous exertions, and the gain of a dozen Irish votes, he could not get 300 men on to the field, whereas his opponent had certainly got more than that. Disraeli rose, then, to reply—not with the cheering sounds of victory in his ears, but with the news of certain defeat. This made him fierce, and bitter, and personal, and even vulgar. Witness his describing Lord Clarence Paget rising and hitching up his trousers. But we drop the curtain over the scene within, and shall describe the scene in the lobby outside in another column.

Imperial Parliament.

FRIDAY, JULY 8.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT.

The scene presented by the House was a very animated one. The benches were crowded with Peers and the galleries were filled with ladies. The Prince of Wales was in the gallery of the house, and the Princess of Wales occupied a seat in one of the galleries.

Earl MALMESBURY moved his vote of censure on the Government for their foreign policy, which was in nearly the same terms as that moved by Mr. Disraeli in the House of Commons. The Duke of Argyll, Lord Brougham, the Marquis of Clanricarde, the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Wodehouse, and other Peers having addressed the House.

Earl RUSSELL replied on the part of himself and the Government in a very effective speech, but no feature of novelty was imparted to the subject.

On a division, the numbers were—For the motion, present, 119; proxies, 58; total, 177. Against it—Present, 123; proxies, 45; total, 168. Majority against the Government, 9.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

THE VOTE OF CENSURE.

The adjourned debate on Denmark and Germany was resumed by Mr. B. OSBORNE, who began by saying that the House had been so

saturated with despatches that it had lost sight of the real question at issue, which was the motion of Mr. Disraeli and the amendments of Mr. Newdegate and Mr. Kinglake. With regard to the first amendment, that would at once be buried, followed only by the mover and seconder as mourners. Looking to the antecedent speeches which had been delivered before this debate he wondered what had become of the war spirit which once prevailed on this question. Now all had been attempted, but most of them in ignorance of the subject, and this was especially the case with Mr. Roebuck, who might have spared his coarse sketch of the character and abilities of Lord Russell, who was not to be taken as the sole cause of the failure of our foreign policy; for a large, and the largest, share of the responsibility of what had occurred was due to Lord Palmerston. The hon. member then urged that Denmark had been too literally showered on Germany in reference to this question, while Denmark was presumed to be blameless; whereas she had systematically broken her promises as regarded her dealing with the duchies. Having vigorously denounced the foreign policy of the Government, which had certainly lowered the influence of this country, he suggested that there was a remedy—namely, that of resigning office. The hon. gentleman concluded with a most humorous personal sketch of the Ministry, pointing out that whether they went out of office or the Opposition came in was a matter of little consequence to the Liberal party.

Mr. WHITESIDE argued in favour of the motion, contending that Ministers were at first influenced by a war policy, while the general conduct of their foreign policy justified to the fullest the terms of the resolution; and this was to be taken as laid down by no less an authority than Mr. Cobden.

Mr. MONSELL, Mr. C. Buxton, and Mr. Clay having spoken on the side of Ministers, and Sir Stafford Northcote having briefly supported the motion,

Mr. WALPOLE proceeded, in an elaborate manner, to discuss the broad principles of international policy involved in this question, and he argued that the Government intervened in the sense of mediation between Denmark and Germany, but interfered in a manner which no State is entitled to adopt towards another.

Lord PALMERSTON stated that it was now clear that that which was asserted to be a motion of censure on a single act of the Government was a motion of no confidence, and the question was whether the Government should be displaced. He distinctly avowed that he and all his colleagues were equally responsible for the policy of the Government with Lord Russell, and he protested against the attempts which had been made to separate the noble Lord from the rest of the Cabinet. He protested against the assumption that the character and influence of England had been lowered, but maintained that she stood as high before the world as ever; and those who asserted to the contrary were not worthy to have the honour of the country committed to their charge. The noble Lord proceeded to review the circumstances connected with the question of Schleswig-Holstein, and the management of the negotiations by the Government, and in the course of his remarks specifically denied that he had ever said that England alone would afford material aid to Denmark, but referred to the co-operation of France and Russia. The Government did in the first instance interfere diplomatically in conjunction with France and Russia; but these Powers thought fit to pause, and to recede from positive action in the matter; but in the Conference these Powers went hand in hand with England, and any failure in policy there endured was shared by them all equally. With regard to the motion, he should have preferred to meet it by a direct negative; but, as Mr. Kinglake had declined to withdraw his amendment, he should vote for it, although he accepted the issue involved, that of confidence or no confidence in Ministers, and he was content to abide the answer to the question whether during the tenure of office by the Government the affairs of the country had been so administered as to produce unexampled prosperity and tranquillity amongst the people.

Mr. DISRAELI then replied, and, on a division, Mr. Kinglake's amendment was carried by 313 to 236, the Government being victorious by 18 votes.

MONDAY, JULY 11

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE BURIAL SERVICE.

Lord EGBRY moved for a Royal Commission to consider the evils arising from the present compulsory use of the burial service. After some discussion, the motion was withdrawn.

REFRESHMENT HOUSES BILL.

On the report on this bill, Lord DONOUGHMORE moved several amendments on the measure, but the alterations were all rejected, and the report was agreed to.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

RESERVOIRS.

Mr. FERRAND called attention to the proceedings adopted by waterworks companies to obtain the sanction of Parliament to their schemes, and the danger arising from the reservoirs made by them. After alluding to the Sheffield catastrophe, he went on to declare that a very large majority of water companies were nothing but engineers' jobs, giving as an illustration the Bradford Water Company. He severely criticised the proceedings of that company, and contended that their reservoirs were in a most dangerous state. Sir G. GREY said the Government could not undertake a periodical inspection of reservoirs. He thought in all future water bills clauses should be inserted to ensure the security of human life.

REPLY OF THE QUEEN TO THE ADDRESS.

Lord PROBY brought up the reply of Her Majesty to the address in reference to Denmark. It expressed satisfaction that the House should have approved of the policy of the Government.

DENMARK AND GERMANY.

Mr. D. GRIFFITH asked Lord Palmerston to explain the words he had used on a previous evening, as to what might be done in case Copenhagen were bombarded.

Lord PALMERSTON said the best answer he could make was that, according to the information possessed by the Government, there was reason to believe that there was no intention of attacking Copenhagen.

SUPPLY.

The House went into Committee of Supply, and Sir R. PEEL moved the education vote for Ireland.

A long discussion followed. Eventually the vote was agreed to, as were several other votes.

Mr. WALPOLE moved the vote for the British Museum, and made a short statement in reference to that institution.

After some discussion the vote was agreed to.

TUESDAY, JULY 12.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

Earl RUSSELL stated that he had received information from Berlin to the effect that the reported murder in cold blood of 400 Swedish volunteers in the Danish service at the capture of Alsen was entirely false. There were only about seventy Swedes in the service of Denmark. These were the

Danish uniform, and the few of them taken prisoners had been treated by the Prussians exactly the same as the Danes who had fallen into their hands. The Street Music (Metropolis) Bill was read a second time without discussion.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

BRAZIL AND THE SLAVE TRADE.

Lord PALMERSTON, in reply to Mr. Hardcastle, stated that the conduct of the Brazilian Government with regard to the slave trade had been invariably marked by a violation and neglect of their treaty engagements; and that their conduct towards the emancipados had been equally flagrant. All the efforts which her Majesty's Ministers had made to obtain justice for these poor creatures had failed.

Mr. BRIGHT moved the adjournment of the House for the purpose of observing that it was the opinion of the late Lord Aberdeen, who passed the Brazilian Slave Act, that it ought to be repealed, and that the circumstances under which that noble Lord thought it was justified had entirely passed away. He recommended, therefore, that this obstinate adherence to what was originally a defenceless measure—for, according to the opinion of Lord TEMO it was a violation of every international law—should be abandoned.

Mr. FITZGERALD expressed his concurrence in the views of Mr. Bright on this subject.

Lord PALMERSTON said that the Brazilian Act of Lord Aberdeen was an exact counterpart of the measure which he had got passed with respect to Portugal; and he was convinced that, if it were repealed, the Brazilian slave trade would be revived with all its former horrors. The Brazilians had laid claim to complain in the operation of that Act, though, no doubt, it was nothing to them. All he could say was, that he attached so much importance to carrying out our treaty engagements to put an end to the slave trade that as much as he valued the goodwill and friendship of the Brazils, yet, as between the revival of the slave trade and the friendship of Brazil, he would sacrifice the friendship of that country for the purpose of suppressing the slave trade.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Mr. M. GIBSON, in reply to Mr. B. Cochrane, said he did not think it would be expedient to compel railway companies to introduce into their carriages some means of communicating with the guard. The question was surrounded with difficulties, owing to the way in which our railways were constructed.

THE OFFICE OF POSTMASTER-GENERAL.

Mr. GRIFFITH was engaged in moving that the practice of appointing a Peer and Privy Councillor exclusively to the office of Postmaster-General is one which is not directed or required by law, and does not particularly conduce to the convenience of the distribution of Ministerial appointments or to the efficiency of the public service, when the House was counted out.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

UNIFORMITY ACT AMENDMENT BILL.

Mr. BOUVIER moved the second reading of the Uniformity Act Amendment Bill. It proposed to repeal the requirement that certain dignitaries of the Church and fellows and tutors of colleges should make declarations of conformity to the Prayer-book. These tests did not operate to the exclusion of those against whom they were specially aimed, but kept out men who would be a credit to the Universities. There was a general feeling among the fellows of the Universities in favour of the bill.

Mr. WALPOLE moved its rejection. It would lead to religious confusion in the Universities. At present Dissenters could come to the University of London, and there was no reason why the system upon which the other Universities were founded should be set aside for their benefit. After some debate, the bill was rejected by 157 votes to 101.

THE SCOTTISH EPISCOPAL CLERGY DISABILITIES REMOVAL BILL.

Sir W. HEATHCOTE moved the second reading of this bill, which, after some opposition and discussion, was agreed to.

THURSDAY, JULY 14.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

THE PERILS OF RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

Lord BROUGHAM having remarked upon this subject, and said how desirable it was that some communication should be possible between the passengers and the guard in the train, asked if the Government intended taking steps to compel the railway companies to arrange for such a communication.

Earl GRANVILLE replied that the subject was engaging the serious attention of the Government. His experience of foreign railways was, that while the guard could communicate with the passengers, the passengers could not communicate with the guard.

PENAL SERVITUDE.

The Earl of SHAFTESBURY moved, in reference to the Commons' reasons for disagreeing with the amendments made by their Lordships, that the amendment to clause 4 be insisted upon. That clause originally provided that a ticket-of-leave man should report himself once a month to the police. Their Lordships thought it would be better that the man should report himself on liberation and afterwards when required, so that he might not be hampered by disclosure and prevented from mending his ways. They accordingly altered the clause. The House of Commons have adhered to their opinion, and sent the bill back to the House of Lords as it originally stood, and now the noble Lord moved that their Lordships adhere to their amendment.

The Earls of Carnarvon, Granville, and Lichfield concurred in the view taken by the Commons.

PUBLIC AND REFRESHMENT HOUSES BILL.

This bill was read a third time and passed.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A number of private bills were read a third time and passed; and, after a long discussion on the subject of private bills, a Select Committee was appointed to consider the system of private legislation.

Sir Michael H. Beach, Bart., took the oath and his seat for East Gloucestershire, in the room of Sir C. W. Codrington, deceased.

PRIVATE BILLS.

A long discussion, originated on a motion of Colonel Wilson Patten, took place on the subject of Committees on private bills. One of the chief objects of the motion was that, whereas chairmen of Committees were generally selected from the best members of the House, each chairman should have a double vote. It was also provided that there should be paid referees. He moved that a Select Committee should be appointed to inquire into the standing orders of the House, and report thereon.

After some discussion the motion was agreed to, Mr. Estcourt, at his own request, being withdrawn.

OUTRAGES IN RAILWAY CARRIAGES.

Mr. M. GIBSON, in reply to Mr. B. Cochrane, said he did not mean to assert in his observations the other evening that a communication could not be established between the passengers in a railway train and the guard. What he meant to convey was, that it was not the present intention of the Government to introduce any bill on the subject.

NEW ZEALAND WAR.

Mr. CARDWELL, in reply to Sir Minto Farquhar, stated that the Government had that day received despatches from New Zealand giving details of the late unfortunate engagement in that country, whereby so many distinguished officers lost their lives. The despatches would be placed immediately in the hands of members.

NEW ZEALAND (GUARANTEE OF LOAN) BILL.

Mr. Cardwell moved the second reading of this bill.

Mr. A. MILLS moved that it be read a second time that day three months. He objected to the principle of an Imperial guarantee for a colonial loan, and quoted the authority of the late Sir James Graham and other statesmen in favour of such objection.

After a lengthened discussion, the second reading was carried by 92 to 55.

NEW LIFE-BOATS.—Some satisfactory harbour trials were made on Tuesday last in Regent's Canal Dock, Limehouse, with two new 33-foot life-boats, under the superintendence of the officers of the National Life-boat Institution, and in the presence of a large number of persons. The life-boats, having been capsize by means of some tackling attached to an hydraulic chain, righted at once, and the water brought back with the boats was self-ejected in half a minute. One of the boats is to be sent to New Brighton, and is the gift to the National Life-boat Institution of Joseph Leather, Esq., of Liverpool. She is called the Willie and Arthur after his two sons. The other life-boat will be stationed at Sennery Cove, Land's End, and the cost of it has been given to the Life-boat Institution, by Mrs. Mary Anne Davis, of Bideford. It is called, at her request, The Consina.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—For the coming few days a host of varied attractions is announced. To-day, the 16th, and Monday, the 18th inst., the great fêtes of the Dramatic College will be held. The long programme of entertainments which has been issued by the Council of the College for the present year will show that unusual exertions have been made to render these great popular fêtes more attractive than ever. The Shakespeare house, built to celebrate the tercentenary of the great poet, continues to draw numerous visitors. Within the museum contained in it are several most interesting relics of the poet and his times. An additional picture gallery, containing one hundred cabinet pictures by modern artists, is a collection rarely to be equalled. Among the works of artists whose pictures occupy space in this interesting gallery will be found those of Rosa Bonheur, Landseer, Creswick, Frith, Faed, David Roberts, Linnell, &c. A very lively specimen of the chimpanzee has been lately presented to the company by M. Du Chailin, and inhabits a roomy cage in the Tropical department. A complete set of cotton machinery and other mechanical operations are at work daily. A large hippodrome has been erected in the lower part of the grounds, in which, for some few weeks, performances will be given by one of the most talented equestrian troupes of the day. The gardens and park were never in such perfection.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1864.

RAILWAY ISOLATION.

THE chief social topic of the week has been suggested by two cases of violence and outrage upon passengers travelling by railway. In one of these a young lady was inclosed in a carriage with a fellow, to avoid whose rudeness she escaped, at the risk of life and only by the aid of strong manful assistance, to an adjoining compartment, in which her rescuer was seated. In the other, an aged gentleman was brutally murdered, under circumstances of unusual atrocity. The details of the crime will be found sufficiently narrated in another column, and it would be impertinent in us to attempt, by dwelling upon the sad tale, to exaggerate the horror and the indignation the story has already excited in the public mind.

But English intelligence is eminently practical. Our sympathy is expressed less by sentiment than by actions: whether or not the most appropriate to the occasion. In the case of the insulted lady, for instance, a prosecution is at once instituted; although, at present, this has failed by reason of one of the curious anomalies of English law. The outrage itself might have been rendered impracticable by the simplest means. It is now some months since we pointed out the necessity for at least one compartment in every train being devoted entirely to the use of ladies. The cost of such an arrangement would be actually nothing, and, while causing no additional trouble to the railway officers, it would be a boon of inestimable comfort to travellers of the weaker sex.

The murder of Mr. Briggs points to another defect, far more difficult of remedy, in our railway organisation. At present it is not known whether the unfortunate gentleman was slain by a single assassin or by a confederacy of brigands. It is idle to talk of checking villainies of this description by never allowing less than three persons in a single carriage. We have ourselves known of a gang of at least four ruffians acting in concert, attempting, during a long journey, to draw two inoffensive travellers into an encounter for obvious purposes of plunder, and intimidated only by the prompt production of most efficient means of defence. For years past the English railway traveller has dreaded the solitary stranger. Every one knows that it is almost the rule, when two honest travellers find themselves alone in a railway-carriage, that each shall occupy opposite and extreme corners until some apparently chance fragment of conversation shall establish mutual confidence. In this way, oddly enough, the volunteer movement has been of great social importance in establishing a kind of freemasonry among the honest. Freemasonry itself, of course, offers a guarantee, as also do most of the professions. Connection with any of these can scarcely be counterfeited by the most adept of rogues, far less by the more ruffianly of our criminals.

Nearly all the journalists who have written upon the two subjects alluded to by us have urged the want of communication between the passengers and the guard of the train. In other countries this want is non-existent. About thirteen years ago, it is true, a pleasure-train running between Paris and Versailles was attacked by fire, and numbers of the passengers were burnt to death before the driver was aware of any mishap. But now, in France, the guard can pass from end to end of the train, outside, along a foot-board guarded by a handrail. In America, the difficulty is met by a free internal communication between all the carriages. In Ireland (at least on some railways which we have seen) the back of each compartment is glazed with plate glass. Our necessary economy of width of railway-line is alleged to preclude the adoption of the French, and our English love of exclusiveness and privacy that of the American, system. The Irish plan adds lightness to the carriages without affording opportunity to unsuspected listeners; while upon an emergency any passenger can at once bring himself within view of others in the adjoining compartment.

It is not enough to offer large rewards for the detection, after a fiendish crime, of a culprit whose secret may be known only to himself. Even detection and punishment are not sufficient if we would prevent the recurrence of similar offences. The great object to be attained is to render such impossible for the future. As the proverb says, "opportunity makes the thief." Two or three burglars quietly travelling with their ordinary vocation in view may have been tempted, by the sight of a slumbering old gentleman adorned with valuable jewellery, and bearing a wealthy-looking bag, into converting a first-class carriage into an impromptu padded chamber of murder. What is now required is, that as little of such temptation and of such opportunity shall be offered for the future as possible. Furthermore, whenever such an event does occur—which, after all, is but rarely—prompt detection and punishment should follow. This last duty devolves upon the police, and they must be held responsible for its proper performance.

THE MONIES REMITTED TO THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER by sundry persons for conscience sake in the past financial year ending the 31st of March amounted to £7400. In the previous year Conscience rendered up £10,422.

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

HER MAJESTY has presented to the boys' library of the Wellington College a selection of 200 volumes, as a contribution on the part of her Majesty.

THE PRINCE OF WALES was presented with the freedom of the Cloth-workers' Company on Monday afternoon. The ceremony, especially the oath, was of the usual quaint character. A banquet followed, at which the Prince proposed the toast of "Prosperity to the company."

THE MINISTERIAL FISH DINNER is fixed to take place on Saturday, the 23rd inst., and it is expected that the state of public business will permit the prorogation to take place about the end of the week following, not improbably on the 28th inst.

ABDUL-KADER has returned to Damascus from a pilgrimage to Mecca. MR. G. HARVEY has been elected President of the Scottish Academy of Arts, Edinburgh, in the room of Sir J. Watson Gordon, deceased.

A LATE NUMBER of *Punch* has been ordered to be destroyed at Berlin, after a formal indictment in the law courts.

A NEW ENGLISH MAGAZINE is about to be established in Rosario, to be dedicated entirely to the advancement of the material prosperity of the Argentine Republic.

THE STATE OF OUR TROOPS on the Gold Coast is reported to be most unsatisfactory. They were so diseased that hardly four men out of ten were fit for duty.

AN EMIGRANT-TRAIN on the GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY ran off the Belvidere Bridge, near St. Hilaire, Canada East, on the 28th ult. Thirty-four dead and 350 wounded had been taken from the wreck.

THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT is erecting formidable earthworks at Portland, Maine, for the protection of that port in case of war.

THE MANCHESTER CITY COUNCIL have established a "Cabman's Order of Merit," to serve as a good-conduct badge does in the Army.

IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE the harvest has already been begun. The quantity of corn is not great, but the quality is excellent. The same observation applies to the hay.

THE EARL OF DERRY is recovering from his severe attack of gout, and the noble Earl is regaining his strength slowly; but it is doubtful if his Lordship will be able to resume his duties in the House of Lords during the present Session.

A HANDSOME JEWISH SYNAGOGUE has been erected at Melbourne, Australia. There are 1000 Jews in that city.

CRINOLINE is FAST DISAPPEARING IN PARISIAN CIRCLES. At the watering-places abroad it is quite abandoned, and it is said that in another twelve months crinoline will be unknown in Paris.

"MANHATTAN" (J. A. SCOVILLE), the New York Correspondent of the *Standard*, died in that city on the 23rd ult.

THE PEOPLE OF GLASGOW are likely to carry out a suggestion made by Lord Houghton for erecting by public subscription a simple monument to the memory of David Gray, author of "The Luggie and other Poems," and on whom an excellent paper appeared in a late Number of the *Cornhill Magazine*.

COLONEL M'MURDO, after the inspection of the Queen's (Westminster) Rifles, on Saturday last, said he would, with such a volunteer force as we had at present, and with such a force as we could in a short time bring into the field, guarantee to meet and to defeat any enemy that should venture to set foot upon our shores.

A FITMAN AT THORNBURY, last week, dressed himself in his wife's crinoline, cap, and bonnet, and then hanged himself. The man is said to have been, in the language of his neighbours, "a great reader," and to this cause, in their wisdom, they attribute his committing "the rash act."

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY EMPLOYEES AT THE WEST INDIA DOCKS have, through Mr. F. J. Bradfield, forwarded to the National Life-boat Institution £5 7s. 10d., in sums varying from 3d. to 5s., as a token of their sympathy for its great and national work.

ON TUESDAY, the 12th inst., his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and on Wednesday, the 13th, her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, with the infant Prince, honoured Messrs. Lock and Whitfield, of Regent-street, with sittings for their portraits at Marlborough House.

MR. GERMAN REED, immediately after the close of the present season at the Gallery of Illustration, will follow up his previous success in the production of Opera di Camera, with a new work from the pen of one of our most popular composers, which, we hear, is written in his happiest vein.

FREDERICK BRICKNELL, the under-writer of the Lion Tavern, Islington, who cut the throat of his fellow-servant a short time ago because she would not favour his addresses, was tried on Wednesday at the Central Criminal Court. The evidence was clear; he was found guilty; and the capital sentence of the law was passed on him.

SIR MICHAEL HICKS BEACH, Conservative, was on Tuesday returned without opposition for East Gloucestershire, in lieu of the late Sir W. Codrington.

M. BERRYER IS TO VISIT LONDON at the end of October or beginning of November next. The English profession intend to invite M. Berryer to a banquet, in testimony of their respect for the illustrious Parliamentary orator and advocate, and of his constant defence of the independence of the Bar.

TWO BOYS WERE BATHING IN A POOL AT ROUND OAK WORKS, near Dudley, on Saturday evening last, in presence of their father, and, slipping into a deep hole, were drowned. The father was unable to swim, and could not give them assistance.

THE *Out* of Wednesday says:—"We are in a position to state that a suspension of hostilities was yesterday agreed upon between the German allies and the Danish Government. We trust that this truth may lead to a pacification so much needed in the interests of Europe, and to the final disposal of the question which has raised so many difficulties."

AN UNDERTAKER IN NEW YORK is said to have received the following order, *verbatim et literatim*, from an afflicted widower:—"Sur—Sur—my wife is dead, and wants to be buried to-morrow. At Wunner klok. U knows wair to dig the Hole—bi the side of my too Uther wair—Let it be deep."

ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON a boat-load of excursionists from London put off from the beach at Folkestone. Some two or three hours afterward the boat was found floating bottom upwards, with one man clinging to it. He was saved, and reports the others, four in number, drowned.

M. TEMPEL, astronomer, reports that at two o'clock a.m. on the 5th inst. he discovered a new telescopic comet in the constellation of the Ram. Its position was about 2h. 57m. right ascension, and 18deg. 12min. northern declination.

BETWEEN the years 1859 and 1863 inclusive, 154 non-commissioned officers and men of her Majesty's land forces have been drowned at military stations in the United Kingdom. Plymouth has been more fatal in this respect than any other place.

HENRY ADAMS, a labourer, was killed, and several other persons injured, by the sudden falling of the walls of a house in Churchill-road, Maiden-lane, on Monday, which was being taken down to make way for the construction of the Tottenham and Hampton Junction Railway.

IN THE YEAR ended Dec. 31 last, 3,132,293 gallons of brandy were imported into the United Kingdom, 2,911,159 gallons coming from France, 706,356 gallons of British brandy were permitted from the rectifiers' stocks during last year, and 61,258 gallons permitted to Customs warehouses for exportation.

AN ENGINE-DRIVER named Nicholas Clarke was killed on Sunday evening on the Hammersmith extension of the Metropolitan Railway. The unfortunate man was leaning over from his engine to see that the train was all right when his head came in contact with a telegraph pole. He was knocked off the engine and killed instantly.

THE RUSSIAN GOVERNMENT is disposed to accord additional facilities for the export of grain from Odessa, in consequence of the great quantities in store in that place, and also by reason of the fine appearance of the crops. The accounts from Italy continue to be highly satisfactory; and the same may be said of the Danubian Principalities.

A NEW SPIDER has been discovered at the Ararat diggings, Australia. It is about half the size of the common tarantula, and is banded longitudinally with alternate stripes of very dark green and grey. The back is furnished with a kind of shell, to which there are fifty entrances, from which young spiders may be seen leaving and again returning after a short stay outside.

LIEUTENANT-GENERAL SIR ROBERT PERCY DOUGLAS, Bart., has been appointed Lieutenant-Governor of the Cape of Good Hope. Sir R. P. Douglas is the eldest son of the late Sir Howard Douglas, who was Governor of New Brunswick from 1820 to 1823, and Lord High Commissioner of the Ionian Islands from 1835 till 1840. The new Governor was born in 1805, and succeeded to the baronetcy in 1861. He has been Inspector of Militia and Assistant Adjutant-General to the Forces.

IN THE BURIAL REGISTER OF LYINGTON, HANTS, there is the following entry:—"12 August, 1722. This forenoon the body of Samuel Baldwin, late inhabitant of this parish, was conveyed in a vessel off to sea and was committed to the deep off the Needle-grook, near the Isle of Wight." "This appears to have been done," says a Hampshire paper, "in accordance with the wish of the deceased to prevent his wife from dancing over his grave, which she had threatened to do."

THE QUEEN AND THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS.—Her Majesty has addressed a communication to the directors of the Royal Horticultural Society expressing the pleasure she derived from her recent visit to the gardens, which in their improved condition are admirably calculated to carry out the objects for which they were designed by the late Prince Consort. By her Majesty's command, the birthday of his Royal Highness, the 26th of August, is henceforth to be observed as a holiday at the gardens, on which day free admission will be offered to all visitors.

DESTRUCTION OF THE SAVOY CHAPEL.

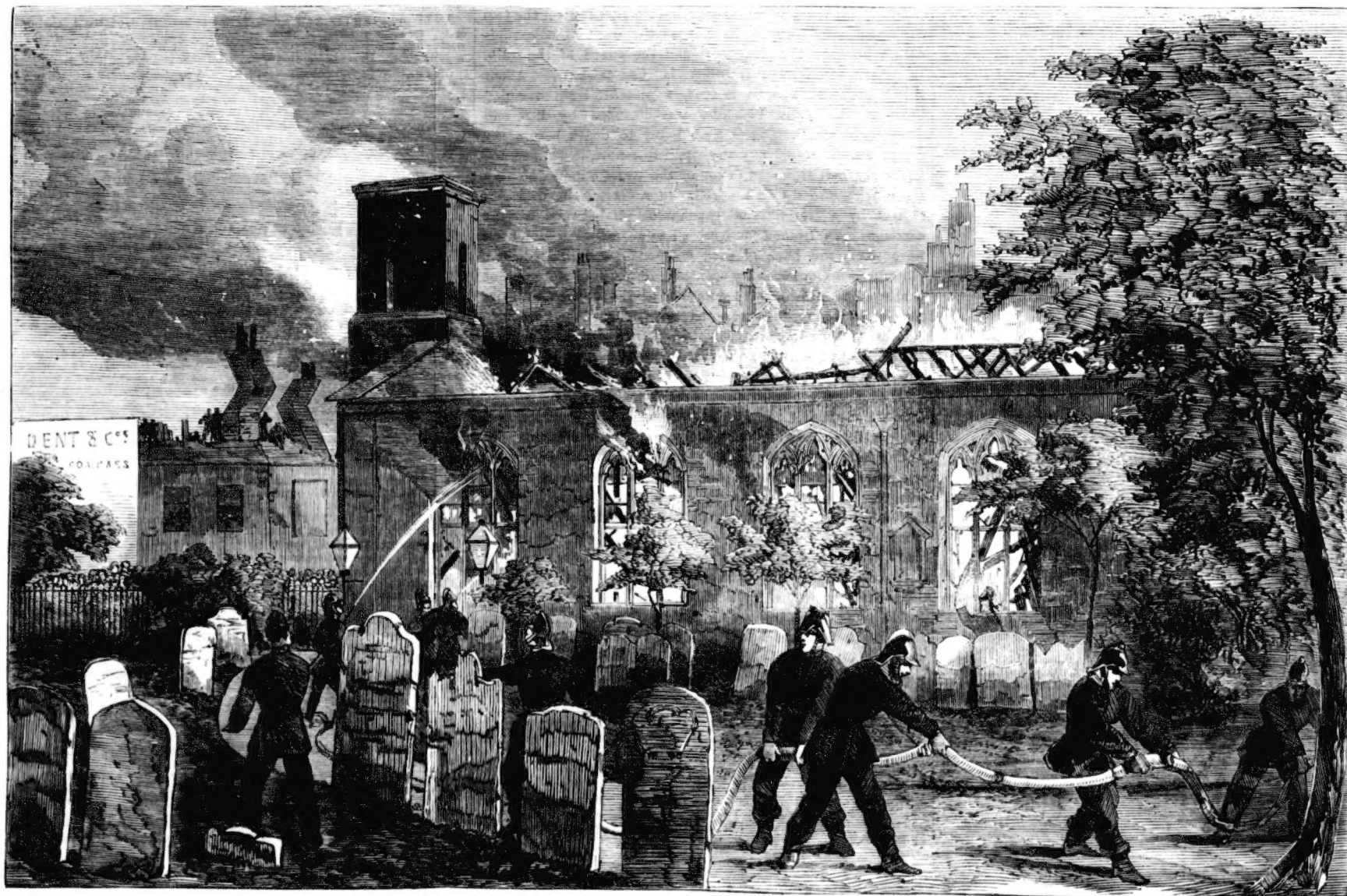
On the afternoon of Thursday week, as briefly mentioned in our last Number, this venerable church, which was upwards of 350 years old, and which had besides a peculiar historical interest, was destroyed by fire; and nothing now remains of the edifice, which was always greatly admired for its interior embellishment, but the bare, charred, roofless walls. Most Londoners, and many people besides, will remember the chapel, situated in a quiet nook behind the Strand, with its trim little burial-ground, surrounded with trees and evergreens, and forming a kind of oasis in the midst of a great city. It stood within the precincts of the ancient Palace of the Savoy, of which it was the last remnant. It is a parochial benefice, in the gift of her Majesty, in right of her duchy of Lancaster; and in the reign of Elizabeth, before the householders beyond the precinct were permitted to use it as their parish church, they signed an instrument renouncing all claim to any right or property in the chapel itself. There is a tradition that when the Liturgy in the vernacular tongue was restored by Queen Elizabeth the chapel of the Savoy was the first place in which the service was performed. It was in this chapel also that the memorable conference between the Episcopalian and Presbyterian divines on the Book of Common Prayer took place, in 1661. The benefice has been held by more than one distinguished ornament of the Church of England—among others by Dr. Anthony Horneck, the favourite Chaplain of King William III. and one of the most celebrated preachers of his time. The chapel, which was erected about the beginning of the reign of Henry VIII., was originally connected with an hospital. Its interior dimensions were 90 ft. by 24 ft., and it was in the Gothic style of architecture, with a curious little tower at the southern end, which, with the main walls, still survives. The ceiling, which has been entirely destroyed, was the most striking feature of the interior of the chapel. It was wholly of oak and pear tree, and divided into 138 quatrefoil panels, each enriched with a carved ornament either of sacred or historical significance. The panels numbered twenty-three in the length of the chapel and six in its width. Ten of the ranges had each a shield in the



DESTRUCTION OF THE SAVOY CHAPEL BY FIRE: VIEW OF THE INTERIOR.

centre, presenting, in high relief, some feature or emblem of the passion and death of the Saviour, and all devised and arranged in a style of which there are many examples in sacred edifices in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The panels throughout the rest of the ceiling contained bearings, or badges, indicating the various families from which the Royal lineage was derived, and more particularly the alliances of the house of Lancaster, each panel being surrounded by a wreath richly blazoned and tinted with the livery colours of the different families. There were many ancient mural monuments in the chapel. Among them was an imposing one, in the chancel, to the memory of Sir Robert Douglas and his lady, erected in the early part of the seventeenth century. In a pretty Gothic niche on the opposite side was the figure of a lady kneeling commemorative of Jocosa, daughter of Sir Alan Apsley, Lieutenant of the Tower, and wife of the then Earl of Dalhousie. On the western wall, near the altar-piece, was a beautiful ornamental recess, in the back of which were effigies engraved on brass. Near this was a small tablet to the memory of Ann Killigrew, 1685, daughter of one of the Masters of the Savoy and niece to the well-known jester. This was the lady described by Dryden as "A Grace for beauty and a Muse for wit." Of Arabella, Dowager Countess of Nottingham, who was interred in the chancel, there was also a fine monument. Some of these have survived the ravages of the fire, but not so the fine altar-piece and the large stained-glass window surmounting it, which have been entirely destroyed. In the lower central compartment of this window was a figure of St. John the Baptist, to whom the hospital of the Savoy was dedicated. The side compartments contained emblems of the other Evangelists, while the ducal coronet, the red rose of Lancaster, and the lions and fleurs-de-lis of the Plantagenet escutcheon were introduced in other parts. Over all was the inscription—"This window was glazed at the cost of the congregation, in honour of God, and in gratitude to our Queen Victoria."

With respect to the fire, it appears that of late a slight escape of gas had been perceived in the neighbourhood of the organ, which was on the floor and at the south end of the chapel, and a gasfitter was employed on the day of the fire to detect the point



EXTERIOR VIEW OF THE SAVOY CHAPEL DURING THE RECENT FIRE.



FERN-GATHERING NEAR ECCESTOWN, SUSSEX.

of leakage. While so engaged he was accompanied by the Rev. Henry White the Incumbent of the chapel, who was exceedingly desirous that the workman should observe all due care in the matter. They entered the chapel together for that purpose, and left it together. Shortly afterwards the beadle, who was at work in the churchyard, perceived a smell of fire, and, having called Mr. White's attention to it, they entered the chapel, and found that it proceeded from a curtain which appeared to have been slightly singed. There was then no other visible sign of fire, and that had been extinguished before they entered; but shortly afterwards the interior of the chapel was observed to be in a blaze. The fire spread with great rapidity, and before assistance could be had, or engines brought, it had obtained such a hold of the building as to defy all efforts to extinguish it; and in less than an hour the chapel was reduced to a mass of ruins. A house in the occupation of Mr. Finney, a tailor, caught fire at the back through the window of a balcony which overhung the northern end of the church, and was in a short time completely gutted. The fire spread to some adjoining premises occupied by the printers of the *Press* newspaper, but did little damage in comparison; and there it appears to have been arrested, but not before it had extended to the Strand through the house of Mr. Finney.

Fortunately, the registers of baptisms, marriages, and burials connected with the chapel, and the communion-plate, have been saved, uninjured.

A close inspection of the ruins since the fire shows that, of the mural monuments of notable persons, while some have been entirely destroyed without a trace being left, those that remain have been so mutilated and defaced by the action of the fire as to render restoration impossible. This is especially so as regards the monuments of Sir Robert and Lady Douglas, and a member of the Pembroke family, which, among others, adorned the chancel. The latter of these had been already partly defaced by the effects of time, and Lady Herbert, of Lea, had recently intimated her intention to have it restored. It had been a large and magnificent structure of the Elizabethan era, enriched with pillars and, with the effigy of the lady it commemorated, extended within a niche. The Douglas monument exhibited the armed figure of a knight reclining on the right arm, and the effigy of a lady kneeling behind it. It was about 250 years old, and much admired as a work of art. The head of the knight has been broken off by the effects of the fire, as has also the sword hand; the rest of the monument is so calcined as to crumble to the touch. The fine Gothic screen over the altar has been almost completely destroyed. Tablets in marble to the memory of the enterprising but unfortunate traveller Richard Lander; of a gallant young officer, a member of the Danvers family, who was killed in India; and of Dr. Archibald Cameron, who was executed, in 1753, on a bill of attainder, for being implicated in the rebellion of 1745, have been totally destroyed, with many others. The remains of Dr. Cameron, after his execution, were deposited in a vault in the Chapel of the Savoy, and the monument recorded the fact that it had been erected, with the gracious permission of her Majesty, in 1846, by his great-grandson, a hundred years after the Battle of Culloden. It was an elegant work of art, and the design for it was shown in the exhibition of the Royal Academy. A mural monument of the late William Hilton, R.A., keeper of the Royal Academy, whose remains are interred in the adjacent cemetery, has escaped with comparatively little injury.

On Saturday last the authorities of the Duchy of Lancaster received a communication, through the Earl of Clarendon (the Chancellor of the Duchy), to the effect that her Majesty the Queen will take upon herself the cost of restoring this ancient fabric. This is not the first time her Majesty has evinced the deep interest she takes in the place, for a stone elegantly carved is still to be seen in one of the walls, on which an inscription is engraved commemorative of the circumstance that the interior of the chapel was repaired and restored at her expense in 1843, and the congregation showed their gratitude on that occasion by the embellishment at their own cost of the large window over the altar with stained glass. On its completion the work of restoration was inspected and approved by the Prince Consort, on a visit his Royal Highness paid to the chapel in the following year, and of which the parishioners entertain a grateful recollection. The fabric was insured to the amount of £4000, a sum which will go far towards its restoration. Mr. Sidney Smirke, the architect, has made an inspection of the ruins, with a view to estimate the cost of rebuilding the chapel. He is understood to have expressed an opinion that the four walls which remain are not seriously injured, and may therefore be made available in the work of restoration.

FERN-GATHERING.

THAT is surely a happy fashion which provides us an object for which a country walk may be undertaken with an interest beyond mere exercise. After all, even the most ardent health-seeker must have felt how inexpressibly dreary are the four, six, or eight miles of pedestrianism unrelieved by some definite object to be attained during or at the end of the journey.

It is true that there are few parts of England where the natural beauty of scenery is not sufficient inducement to undertake a journey even on foot; but it too often happens that tourists avail themselves only of those spots which are easily reached by railway or other conveyance, and so attain a thorough acquaintance only with the general aspect of what may be called show-landscapes, instead of acquiring a loving interest in the little romantic nooks and corners which are only to be found by the true admirer of nature. These spots abound in all parts of England; and though they are seldom mentioned by those to whom they are best known, and who regard any invasion of their secluded precincts with a sort of jealousy, they become more completely appreciated every year till the charm of freshness begins to fade from their once retiring beauty. The fresh, cool glade resounds to the hoarse cries of vulgar roysters; the quiet dell is the scene of a picnic; the wild blossoms are trampled; the strange grasses torn up and scattered; the velvet turf and mossy tree roots strewn with the remains of sandwiches, lobster claws, and broken bottles; while in the vale itself a shabby but staring public-house is rapidly erected, and the once shy cottagers adulterate their milk, and advertise to supply "tea at ninepence," or "bilin' water at twopence a head."

But as old and favourite haunts become desecrated by the intrusion of the vulgar, new places of resort are continually presenting themselves to notice, and new recreations for leisure are every day being invented. And it must be confessed that it is now more than ever their own fault if visitors to the seaside or quiet inland places find the days pass heavily. Science is "made easy" by the subdivisions of natural objects into classes and the numerous cheap handbooks in which the most listless amateur may find something instructive, and the inquirer may learn how to stock rivers with salmon, or to rear water-beetles in a glass bottle. For ourselves, we confess to a preference for fern-collecting, for ferns may be said to lead to almost every variety of scenery; they are less "sloppy" than the denizens of the aquarium, and are found in such quiet retreats as that depicted in our Engraving, where we may have fair companions who are not reduced to the necessity of "goloshes." One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, and we earnestly recommend all despondent lovers and all shy maidens to pursue the study of ferns; they possess very many minute peculiarities, and it is really surprising what discoveries may be made by two persons examining these exquisite plants by means of a mutual pocket microscope.

Amongst the very best of places for the study and collection of ferns, commend us to Ecclesbourne and Fairlight Glens, or to "Old Row." There are few prettier spots in England than these, and, apart from any object in going thither, the beautiful dell with the clear water trickling and rippling over the rocks on its way down to the "ribbed sea sand;" the bluish and glow of field-flowers which are thick as a soft Turkey carpet on the level sward above; the deep, cool, fresh growth of moss and grasses in the bed of the little valley; the rustling sigh of the trees, the hum of insects, and the songs of birds blending in one sweet murmuring trio, with fugues for the

cuckoo and the thrush, are attractions not easily surpassed. There is another attraction, too, and that is the softened light, as it comes in through the leafy screen overhead, and the golden haze through which stem, and leaf, and flower are seen in such perfection.

For romantic beauty, Ecclesbourne is inferior to Fairlight; but it is, perhaps, a better place for the gathering of ferns, which is our present subject. The great palmated leaves of dark green, with their rough brown scales—the feathery sprays of the buckler or the alternate bright fronds of the lady fern—the wonderful varieties of the beautiful spleenwort, the "adder's tongue," horsetail, and the noble "Royal Osmund"—may be sought here; and a few hours will suffice to stock a large "wardian" case with beautifully varied specimens; not forgetting the soft green, dark brown, and tender, light-yellowish mosses.

To those who would collect successfully we would suggest a small tin case for holding the specimens; and it will be found necessary in every case to remove with the root a good proportion of the "rhizome," or that stem from which the leaves and roots spring. The earth should be allowed to adhere to the roots, and both root and "rhizome" be enveloped in wet moss or some other damp covering. It will be well, too, to notice the nature of the soil and the situation in which each particular specimen grows, and, especially, the degree of light in which it seems best to thrive.

The "wardian" case may be represented by any large glass vessel from which the air can be excluded, and in this the fern-seed (true fairy fern-seed, an interest in which will help to render, if not ourselves, some of our selfish troubles invisible) may be reared. The regular fern-cases are cheap and common enough, but for a commencement the glass pan and cover do very well if the bottom of the pan be first covered with broken tiles, to drain the roots a little, and the air be admitted about twice a week. In the close cases may be cultivated several varieties of spleenwort, maidenhair, hartstongue, bladder-fern, oak-fern, and some other sorts. To cultivate ferns in pots it is necessary to be careful of the soil, which should consist of black fibrous earth combined with loam, sand, and sometimes a little old mortar. The pots should be filled to one third from the bottom with bits of broken tile and freestone. The ferns must be frequently watered, with a fine "rose" to the watering-pot; and many sorts require constant moisture.

The lover of ferns, however, will scarcely rest satisfied till he has a fernery in his garden, either inclosed in a rustic shed, which is best, or in some shady corner. To rear the artificial rockwork it will be necessary to lay a foundation of broken tiles and rubbish, the interstices of which should afterwards be filled up with rough sand and gravel, and a final layer of compost formed of loam, peat, sand, and old mortar and charcoal, will receive the clinkers, flints, and other rockwork.

For the lighter parts of the rockwork, and especially for the building in of pots here and there, there is nothing better or prettier than pieces of coke dipped in cement—their extreme lightness, porousness, and durability being very desirable qualities. Some ferns which grow in marsh land or near the beds of streams will require little pits of clay to prevent the water soaking away; and it would be well to have jets of water through a perforated pipe, so arranged as to play gently, and in some cases constantly, over the whole rockwork. The fern-fancier who pays an annual visit to Hastings will surely find that some otherwise dull places have acquired a new interest, for it cannot be denied that this healthful cinque port is strangely lacking in amusement. No "entertainment" seems permanently to thrive within its sober and demure precincts; and only the ardent lovers of nature or people with great inner resources can long remain without unutterable ennui, unless they seek beauties away from the town and beach. Do you remember poor Charles Lamb's querulous complainings of Hastings in the "Old Margate Hoy"? He says, "I love town or country; but this detestable cinque port is neither. I hate those scrubbed shoots thrusting out their starved foliage from between horrid fissures of dusty, innutritious rocks, which the amateur calls 'verdure to the edge of the sea.' I require woods, and they show me stunted coppices; I cry out for waterbrooks and pant for fresh streams and inland murmurs. I cannot stand all day on the naked beach watching the capricious hues of the sea shifting like the colours of a dying mullet. I am tired of looking out of the windows of this island prison. While I gaze on the sea I want to be on it, over it, across it. It binds me in with chains of iron; my thoughts are abroad. There is no sense of home at Hastings. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained—a fair, honest fishing town, and no more, with a few straggling fishermen's huts scattered about, artless as its cliffs, and with their materials filched from them—it were something. I am sure no town-bred or inland-born subject can find true and natural nourishment at these sea places. Nature, where she does not mean us for mariners and vagabonds, bids us to stay at home. I would exchange these seagulls for swans, and scud a swallow for ever about the banks of Thamesis."

DESTRUCTION OF MR. COXWELL'S BALLOON AT LEICESTER.—On Monday evening an incident of a singular character, and one that ended in the entire destruction of Mr. Coxwell's balloon, occurred on the Leicester racecourse. It appears that an amalgamated demonstration of the Foresters' courts throughout the midland and north-eastern counties was held on the racecourse, and a variety of attractions were announced for the entertainment of the public, amongst which was an ascent of one of Mr. Coxwell's large balloons, with that distinguished aeronaut. Seven o'clock arrived, the time fixed for the ascent, and the balloon, having been inflated, was held by a number of men, Mr. Coxwell being engaged in superintending the final adjustment of the car and ropes previous to his ascension to the upper world, when the crowd broke in upon him, and made it impossible to complete the arrangements. After unavailing attempts to get a space cleared, Mr. Coxwell opened the valves and allowed the gas to escape. On this occurring, the public, imagining they had been duped, set up an immense roar, and in a few seconds the beautiful airy structure was torn to shreds, the police being powerless to prevent the mob from thus wreaking their fury on the unoffending silk. Mr. Coxwell had his clothes torn, and with difficulty escaped from the excited crowd, and some gentlemen who endeavoured to defend him were rather roughly handled. The want of a sufficient police force to keep the space around the balloon clear is alleged to have been the cause of the occurrences which ended in this disgraceful riot.

THE LATE THOMAS COLLEY GRATTAN.—This well-known novelist and essayist, whose illness we mentioned in our last Number, has just died, at the age of sixty-eight. Mr. Grattan, who was born in Dublin in 1796, was the son of Mr. Colley Grattan, of Edenderry, King's County. He was intended for the profession of the law, but, having an uncle and two cousins in the Army (one, Major Grattan, commanded the Royal Irish in the East Indies and in China), he entered the Militia in the hope of getting a commission. He volunteered into the South American army in the war of independence against the yoke of Spain, but, marrying a Miss O'Donnell, he left the service and settled in the south of France. In 1819 he produced "Philibert," a poetical romance, in the style of Scott—*longo intervallo*—however, which was not successful. He then removed his establishment to Paris, and made acquaintance with Béranger, Casimir Perier, Moore, Washington Irving, Lamartine, and other distinguished men, and became a regular contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* and to the *New Monthly Magazine*, then under the editorship of Thomas Campbell. In 1823 appeared "Highways and Byways," a Walking Gentleman, the work by which Mr. Grattan will be best remembered. This book had a great sale, and brought the author many offers from the booksellers, which induced him to bring out a second and third series. Then he produced in succession "Ben Nazir the Saracen," a play written for Keon (after which he left Boulogne, where he had been living, for Brussels), "Tales of Men and Cities" (1829), "Traits of Travel," "The Heiress of Bruges" (1831), "The History of the Netherlands," "Jacqueline of Holland" (1831), which latter caused his expulsion from Brussels during the revolution, and his residence in Holland and Heidelberg, where he wrote his "Legends of the Rhine" and "Agnes de Mansfeldt." On the accession of Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg to the newly-created throne of Belgium, Mr. Grattan returned to Brussels, and in 1839 was appointed, at the special request of his Majesty, British Consul at Boston. His new office brought out his talent in a new direction, and his pamphlet on the boundary question in America. In 1848 he was permitted, as a favour, to resign his office to his son, who had been acting as his deputy, and he was appointed a gentleman of the privy chamber in the Royal household. Mr. Grattan has also written "Civilized America," "Women of Colour," "The Cagot's Port and the Conscript's Bride" (1847), "England and the Disrupted States of America" (1851), "Beaten Paths, and Those who Trod Them" (1862), &c. His personal reminiscences were very interesting, and contain many curious anecdotes about men and manner in various countries.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

THE *Times* and all the other papers have told us that eighteen Liberal Irish members voted against the Government in the division upon the vote of censure. This is not correct. The Irish Liberals who voted against the Government were—1, Acton, Sir John; 2, Brady, Dr.; 3, Cogan, W. H. F.; 4, Corbally, M. E.; 5, Greville, Colonel; 6, Green, Jno.; 7, McCann, J.; 8, O'Reilly, M.; 9, O'Connor Don; 10, O'Ferrall, M.; 11, Scully, V.; 12, Waldron, L. The following are Conservatives:—1, Blake, J. A.; 2, Bowyer, Sir G.; 3, McEvoy, E.; 4, McMahon, P.; 5, O'Donoghue, Thos.; 6, Sullivan, M. Some of these six gentlemen may call themselves Liberals; but they sit on the Conservative side of the house, rank as Conservatives, and never fail to answer to the Conservative whip when they are summoned. Twelve Irishmen deserted the Government, and not eighteen. It is, however, but fair to say that of these twelve several do not profess to be Government men, but Independent Liberals. Of course you have heard the rumour that these twelve were compelled by some unseen power to vote as they did. How far this is true I cannot say, but several of them do not conceal that they dared not to vote otherwise than as they did. The Liberals brought up three invalids who had not been in the house for a long time—to wit, Lord Robert Clinton (he has not been present for two years, and had to be led in between two members), Baron Rothschild, and Mr. Beale; the two latter, however, got in very well. The Conservatives brought up two invalids—Mr. Stirling and Mr. C. Bailey; the latter could not enter without support. The Conservatives were unfortunate in having four men hors de combat without pairs—Lord Newport, Mr. Peter Blackburn, Colonel Powell, and Mr. Spooner. They also lost the vote of General Lindsay, who is with his regiment in Canada, and the vote for East Gloucestershire, vacant by the death of Sir W. Codrington; making seven in all. I have not put Dr. Lyons down (who is ill), for, though an Irishman and a Conservative, it is doubtful how he would have voted. He would make eight, out of the fifteen absent Conservatives. There were nine Liberals absent; and of these I can account for four—Mr. Ayrton, Mr. Maguire, and Mr. Osborne (who all left the House), and Mr. Ellice (who is travelling abroad).

Politicians have long since noted and admired Mr. Disraeli's wonderful power of drawing a resolution so artfully worded as to entrap all manner of opinions; and perhaps the right hon. gentleman never displayed this power more fully than in the late vote of censure on the Government. Indeed, in this effort, and in the speech with which he backed it up, he rather overleaped himself; and gossips have been busy in showing how easily Mr. Disraeli's reasoning may be made to tell against his own position. "You have failed," said he to the Cabinet, "in maintaining your avowed policy of upholding the independence and integrity of Denmark, and your failure proves your utter incapacity to conduct such negotiations, or to manage the general government of the country." Well, then, say the *quidnuncs*, success is the measure of capacity, according to the leader of the Opposition; but how does this rule tell when applied to himself? First, Mr. Disraeli, as Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's last Administration, proposed a budget which he failed to carry; second, Mr. Disraeli was a leading member of a Cabinet which tried to prevent the war in Italy, in 1859, and he did not succeed in that; third, Mr. Disraeli brought in a Reform Bill—almost the only bill he ever laid upon the table of the House—and that bill did not become law; fourth, Mr. Disraeli has now proposed a vote of censure on the Government, and made a dash at the Treasury benches, and he has not succeeded in attaining his object. Therefore, the right hon. gentleman is "utterly incapable" as a financier, as a negotiator, as a legislative reformer, and as a party leader! Nobody pretends that this is either good logic or good sense; but it is quite as much both as was Mr. Disraeli's reasoning when he alleged that the failure of the Government in the Dano-German question proved their utter incapacity to conduct such negotiations.

"Bass's Bill" is still a standing topic of conversation. It need hardly be said that men at the clubs have a horror of the organ-grinding nuisance. All that the sympathisers with Italian music played as if arranged for the Scotch bagpipes have to say in its favour is, that if it were not for the organ-men the ragged little children who swarm in courts and alleys would have no personal acquaintance with the best scientific and popular airs. The organ-grinder is to the small Sallies, Jennys, Peggys, and Lizzies of the doorsteps what Costa, Giuglini, Mario, Santley, Titiens, and La Patti are to the Blanches, Constances, Emmelines, and Adas of Belgravia. I like to see poor children playing and dancing, they seem to enjoy themselves so thoroughly, and their red and white English faces, when free from dirt, are so charming a contrast to the burnt-sienna, Spanish-liquorice, brown-pipkin tint of the "musician." But would it matter if the knowledge of the aforesaid Sallies, Jennys, Peggys, and Lizzies was confined to "Oh! let us be joyful," or the "Old Hundred"? Are not "Il balen," "Fra poco," and "Ah! più non temo" likely to give them ideas above their station in life?

While upon the subject of music, I may as well say how glad I am to know that we are soon likely to hear Meyerbeer's "Africaine." M. Cremieux, the agent of M. Meyerbeer, has made arrangements with the director of the French Opera, and the great master's last work is to be produced in January next. At the desire of the late composer, Messieurs Faure and Belart, and M. de Sax, are to play the principal parts. Rossini has just finished a piece of music, which he intends to call "In Memoriam." It is said that he derived his inspiration from a view of the funeral procession of Meyerbeer defiling along the Boulevards—a silent and respectful multitude standing on each side—the flowers and *immortelles* showering from the windows. The words of "In Memoriam" are to be confided to Signor Pacini.

Perhaps you were not aware that the "noble sportsmen" of England were partial to horseflesh—I mean partial in a gastronomic sense. *Le Nain Jaune*, a French newspaper, is my authority. It says that at a late race-meeting, when the weights for a race were published, there was a perfect outburst of appetite. "Blood and thunder!" cried a belted Earl—how well the writer in *Le Nain Jaune* understands English customs, tastes, and feelings! He not only knows that all our upper classes are in the constant habit of swearing, but the exact sort of oaths they swear—"Blood and thunder!" cried the Earl, "I order for dinner to-night a quarter of that handi-cappur!" Of course, by "handi-cappur" the French writer means horse. Is it that Palmerstones and Russell, Gladstones and Milor Layards, at their banquets at Trafalgar-squares, eat winners of the Earl Derby's? And are not Parisians curiously exact in their description of the manners and customs of the English?

It would appear that a misapprehension exists as to the editorship of the new Review, *The British Army and Navy*. It has been attributed to Mr. Hamilton Hume, the son of the late Chief Magistrate of Calcutta; but this is a mistake. The name of the editor of the new Review is shrouded in mystery; perhaps it has no editor at all, but edits itself, as a late morning paper that had but a brief existence used to do. Mr. Hamilton Hume is a contributor to the new pipeclay and peasoup magazine, as will be seen on reference to its first number. Perhaps the mistake has originated from that gentleman's connection with its predecessor, *The British Army Review*.

A difficulty between an actor and his manager gave rise to an odd scene the other night at the Théâtre des Arts, at Rouen. During the performance of "Nos Alliés," M. Delacroix, who was playing the chief rôle, suddenly paused in his part and said—"Gentlemen,—Allow me to interrupt myself an instant, and tell you something. I have just been dismissed by M. Briet. Now, I depend on my engagement for my bread, and, as I have not deserved this treatment, I appeal to you. The director has in this case looked more to himself than to the public. This will never do. If you agree with me, be good enough to applaud me; those who are of a different opinion can hiss." (Applause.) "Thank you." And he went on with his part of the haughty Baron.

It is probable that the time for crusades is over; but there is still fighting over the Holy Places. The names of Pierotti, Fergusson,

OUR FEUILLETON.

THEATRICAL TYPES.

NO. XI.—THE CORPS DE BALLET.

Bonney, Williams, and others, are, of course, familiar to students of the archaeology and topography of Jerusalem; nor is it unknown to the readers of the *Times* and *Saturday Review* that Dr. Pierotti, the traveller, has been in hot water with Mr. Fergusson and others about the originality of his discoveries. Did he take measurements and photographs, or did he plagiarise them? I have before me two pamphlets, issued by Dr. Pierotti's publishers, Messrs. Bell and Daldy, one by the Rev. Geo. Williams, B.D., and the other by Mr. J. G. Bonney, M.A., F.G.S., &c., both of them taking the part of Dr. Pierotti against his assailants. There are plenty of pieces of justifications, and poor Lady Strangford and another lady are called into court as witnesses. I am bound to say I think Dr. Pierotti comes out vindicated as to his honour, though not always as to his discretion (which, indeed, his friends do not fight for). I have the warmest praise to give to the moderation, the skill, and the fine scholarly English of Dr. Pierotti's defenders; and can recommend the pamphlets as models of controversial writing, even to persons who know little or nothing of modern "discoveries" in the Holy Places, and who do not care whether a particular underground receptacle (with an ugly name) does or does not indicate that the Jewish altar was situated just over it. I does not trouble the good reader with anything cynical (and obvious) about these disputes over the "Holy Places," and the less so as these particular brochures are kindly and equitably written.

The Royal Academy has four vacancies for Associates, which have been standing open for some time. They are to be filled next Wednesday, and, if I may be allowed to prophesy, the names of Leighton, Calderon, Marks, and Stone will not be much amiss as an artistic tip for the artistic Derby. I make my conjecture from probabilities; but must confess that my own vote, were I an R.A., would be given for one Sandys.

The French Gallery has commanded large attendances lately, owing to the exhibition of Gudin's picture of the landing of the French Emperor at Genoa. As a composition, it is of the French, Frenchy, charged with theatrical enthusiasm and dramatic effects. As a painting it has its merits, though it is a little too large in style for the space, and won't bear looking into. The impasto painting of the light on the water destroys some really clever treatment of the glittering ripple. There are two other pictures by the same artist in the Gallery, of which one (46), with a wet rock lit up by a passing gleam of sunshine, is far more to my taste than this pretentious canvas. I may add that some new comers to the Gallery are very welcome, especially Le Poitevin's "Riverside" (96), and a pleasing specimen of Tidemand's power, free from the brownness which spoils his Academy picture. There is a picture of Tisso's here, too (163), which gives me a higher opinion of his powers than I had formed from previous experience of his style.

I hope the rap over the knuckles administered by the two comic papers last week will keep the fingers of the obnoxious pseudo-art-critic out of mischief for some time to come. One such lesson is worth a "hundred lectures."

THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

In the days when the United States were united the city of New Orleans was notorious for fearful, atrocious, and sanguinary duels. Now and then, after a murder more horrible than usual, the citizens woke up and established what they called a Vigilance Committee, whose functions consisted in hunting up duellists, and hanging principals, seconds, and witnesses, no matter whether innocent or guilty. In exact proportion to their previous laxity, the authorities—that is, those who should have dealt out justice—were prompt, severe, and cruel, and they acted on the merciless maxim of Mr. Dickens's dilapidated swell—"Better hang wrong feller than no feller."

With exactly this sort of tardy severity have some dramatic critics judged the new travestie of "Faust and Marguerite," produced at the St. James's. Within the last four years they have condoned all sorts of absurdities, anachronisms, wild puns, mad parodies, and poetical iconoclasm; but on Saturday night last they seem to have roused themselves to pour the accumulation of a long period of critical enfeebling on the devoted head of Mr. F. C. Burnand. Tolerance would seem to have its moods and seasons. When Goethe's grand work was mutilated into a mere melodrama at the Princess's they looked on and said that it was good. Is what was effective compression in 1855 unbearable distortion in 1864? I admit that "Faust and Marguerite" is not one of Mr. Burnand's best efforts; but it was not possible for him to adhere closely to the original story. What man could make the seduction of a young girl by a handsome lover, who is aided by the advice and power of one nameless everywhere but in a play-bill, comic? The original mistake once made of a subject entirely unadapted to burlesque, deviation from the story was not to be avoided.

The cast of the new travestie is not a happy one. The light troupe of the St. James's is unaccustomed to burlesque. Faust should have been played, according to tradition in this regard, by a young lady who could sing; so should Valentine and Siebel. There should have been a band of joyous, neatly-limbed students, and many allusions to metaphysics, beer, duels, and waltzing, as well as inquiries after the Herr Papa, "the leathery Herr Papa." Miss Cottrell and Miss Fanny and Miss Patti Josephs would have made three charming college chums. In saying this I do not mean to say a word of disparage of Mr. Ashley, who played very cleverly, but who "found" himself in a character more suitable to an actress than an actor.

As Mephistophiles, Mr. Charles Mathews looked charmingly, and bore himself with a grace and gallantry seldom seen upon our stage; but the part was unsuited to him. The rapid utterance and colloquial tone, so natural in coat-and-trousers comedy and farce, are ineffective in the terse couplets of burlesque. No one man can possess all the talents, and Mr. Mathews is able to dispense with a reputation for modern extravaganzas and modern comic song.

There was but one fault in the Dame Martha of Mr. John Clarke, and that was, that there was not enough of her—or of him. His "make-up," to use a theatrical term, was extraordinarily good, even for Mr. John Clarke, which is no small praise. He or she—for I am getting into fearful confusion with my genders—looked like an antique Frau, absent by the kind permission of Mr. Teniers from a picture of "Boors Drinking." This practised burlesque actor made every line he uttered, and every leer he looked, tell upon the audience. But so admirable an artist should not have been confined to so limited a canvas. Mrs. Charles Mathews, upon whom the weight of the piece fell, and who bore the burden bravely, made a lovely Marguerite, and, as the action proceeded, a charming Juliet and an impassioned Leah. A capital parody of the curse in Mosenthal's famous play was rendered by her with intense force and expression. The orchestral arrangements were worthy of Mr. Wallerstein and of the clever musicians he so well conducts. The music of the burlesque was perfect, instrumentally; but the less said of the vocal efforts of the company the better.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan took a benefit at the ADELPHI on Saturday last. The pieces chosen were "Shakespeare's House," "The Area Belle," "The Scrap of Paper," and "The First Night." The beneficiaries were honoured by the patronage and presence of the Prince and Princess of Wales.

READINGS AT APSLEY HOUSE.

On Wednesday Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Wigan read two scenes from "The School for Scandal," the closet scene from "Hamlet," and the trial-scene from "The Merchant of Venice; Aytoun's "Montrose," Macaulay's "Horatius," and Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," in the magnificent picture-gallery of Apsley House, which was kindly lent to them for the occasion by his Grace the Duke of Wellington. We need not inform Mr. and Mrs. Wigan's admirers—and their name is the whole public—that their readings were successful; the pieces of delineation being always subordinated to the truthful and natural expression of the emotion or sentiments portrayed. A second reading is to be given on Monday, by the kind permission of the Duke of Sutherland, at Stafford House.

A crowd of well-dressed gazers—the ladies talking to their cavaliers behind their fans, the cavaliers assuming an indifference which they do not feel to the spectacle before them; a sound of music—low, languid, and sensual; a swell of harmony, celestial in the pagan sense of the word—melting, luxurious, passionate, flooding the senses with emotions, no single note appealing to the intellect—music of the spheres, not of the spheres. The curtain rises cumbrously; a cool, sparkling, stalactite, coral grot is disclosed to view—a sub-aqueous retreat, half cavern on the coast, half barley-sugar temple. As the eye wanders from pillar to arch, from arch to dome, over spiral minarets of crystal, into glassy alcoves, and translucent pools, and dropping fountains running slowly and seething waves rolling lazily, the air fills with a scent of the sea breeze mingled with a voluptuous perfume.

"Rimmel," says a fat matter-of-fact little man to an enthusiastic lad beside him, who looks at his playbill and reads, "Abode of the Fairy Corallina and Haunt of the Nymphs of the Lurley."

The music undulates, swells, grows louder, louder yet, fills the arena, and then changes its character with a crash that seems to shake the glittering crystals that sparkle on the magic rocks.

Down four different coral banks four different troops of fairies enter, dancing joyously. Their eyes, arms, feet, and figures glisten with shining corals and their hair is plaited with seaweeds. They are mermaids with human continuations—living mermaids, whose glances reflect the many lights thrown on them, whose white arms bear coral-branches, whose bosoms heave and whose nostrils tremble with the exertion of the dance. They form bowers with their coral-garlands, triumphal arches, of which their arms are pillars and the bent garlands the dome; then separate to meet again, and meet again to separate. Tiny fairies appear in the far-off alcoves and distant caves.

The uninitiated spectator is struck with one peculiarity which perplexes his nautical mythology. These submarine fairies are all of the female sex. Were there no water gulls? The answer is obvious. Nor mythology, nor ballet-masters could permit such an anachronism as male nymphs!

The fairies of the grot fall into ranks like soldiers, and, as if animated by one spirit, go through evolutions that are now military, now trigonometrical. They are lines; they are squares; they are triangles; they are stars; they are circles. They set at nought the laws of Euclid and gravitation, and finish by an attitude suggestive of obedience, fatigue, and rapture.

"That is Polly Davis, to the right there," says the fat matter-of-fact little man to the enthusiastic lad beside him. "Charming little thing; pupil of old Legrand. The next to her is Jane Sampson: can't dance a bit, but a lovely figure. They always put her in the front rank. The tall one with the dark eyes is Rachel Lemon. Ah, what a beauty she was ten years ago! She is married now—married some one in the orchestra; had no end of children; but you see she has kept her figure wonderfully, wonderfully!"

On trips a white fairy—the others are blue—and the house thunders with applause.

"Melanie!" whispers the fat matter-of-fact little man. "Melanie of the Opera."

Melanie does everything with her feet and arms that the Fairy Corallina might, could, or would do, and her attendant nymphs aid her and abet her. They dance, they swim, they whirl, they twirl. Their gauzy robes float about them, like enamoured whirlpools. All is submarine rapture, and filmy, floating, translucent happiness, when—Crash!

The music changes again, and becomes noisy and billowy. The nymphs leave off dancing and throw up their arms, then run from side to side, and by feature and gesticulations express—something, but what, no mortal conundrum-guesser ever could divine.

"There is a storm above, and they hear the wrecking of a vessel," explains the fat matter-of-fact little man.

Crash, smash, music, lifted arms, fingers pointed, hurry, scurry, and alarm; and down at the back falls a spar, a rope, and a shipwrecked mariner pendant therefrom.

The shipwrecked mariner falls upon the stage in the whitest of shirts and the most graceful of attitudes.

"Grasjambe, of Paris," says the fat matter-of-fact little man.

There is a dreadful consternation among the fairy Lurley-berghians who have been brought up in the strictest submarine seclusion and the coral-grottiest horror of a man; they avert their faces, and extend the palms of their hands as in horror and disgust. They would fly and leave him to his fate, but the Queen signifies, by stamping her foot and tapping her bosom, that the rights of hospitality are sacred. She desires that the drowned mariner be succoured, and herself approaches him, looks at and falls in love with him that moment!

Corallina's penchant for the objectionable stranger being obvious, the nymphs give him to drink from crystal streams, using shells instead of saucers; and thus the mariner is weaned from his mortality. No sooner does the shipwrecked mariner recover and express his convalescence by two pirouettes and an entrechat than everything goes wrong in Coralgrotto. Sirena, a nymph of impressionable nature, dares to rival Corallina; the young mariner is impulsive and inconstant, and the feature of the evening is a "Grand Pas de Trois de Jalousie." It is never known how matters are ultimately made up; but that is of no consequence. The shipwrecked mariner becomes a river god by the simple process of changing his dress, and dances—ugh! how he dances! He is an ugly old man, with naked, skinny arms, and a wig and a common French face of the common French ugliness, and he grins as if he thought himself the young Apollo. Out on all male operatic dancers, for they are an abomination and an eyesore!

A ballet is a wonderful conglomeration of grace and nonsense, and it is to be presumed, is concocted for the purpose of puzzling as well as of delighting the outer world. Much has been said and written of the dancers who form what is called the corps de ballet. The stories told of them are more or less true, and very much less than more.

Some say the members of the Corps de Ballet are in the habit of dining with Dukes daily; of living at the rate of about £1000 per diem; of having sets of diamonds for every week of the year; two broughams, four footmen, three ladies-maids; and a boudoir of white velvet and lilac satin, with mother-of-pearl furniture, and solid silver fireplace with gold fender and fireirons *en suite*. Others protest that she is the possessor of more good qualities than all the famed heroines of ancient or modern times—prefers luncheon-wolsey to satin—thinks porter a nicer drink than champagne—is never irritable with her father, mother, or the nine brothers and sisters whom she supports by her earnings—has not in her composition one particle of envy, hatred, malice, or uncharitableness, and is exactly like those most impossible and disagreeable persons, the heroines of small novels and the "ideals" of lads of sixteen.

There are ladies of the ballet who have broughams though they do not dine with dukes daily. There are ladies of the ballet who have fine clothes, equipage, and luxury, for reasons connected with anything but merit.

But these gorgeous creatures are but few. The majority live by the industry of their feet and fingers. Dancing and the needle is their sole support, and their virtues are as many and their faults as many, their goodness and their foibles as oddly mixed as in others of their sex of the same age and station, and as worthy as much honour, pity, consideration, and reproof.

Ye gentlewomen of England, who live at home at ease, ah! little do ye think upon the terrible labour of the Ballet-girl. Milliners, dressmakers, and all the tribes of the needle, work at home or in the houses of others, seated by the fire. How do the "Ballet" pass their day? A new piece is to be produced at the Theatre Royal, Swellgravia. The "call" posted in the hall runs, "Theatre Royal, Swellgravia. Ballet at Ten.—Mr. Skreyppé. Theatre Royal, Swellgravia. Ballet at Ten.—Mr. Skreyppé. New Play at 11.30.—Everybody.—Full Band."

At ten o'clock a.m.—hail, rain, wind, snow, or sunshine—from

distant parts of this large metropolis, the Ballet, no matter at how late an hour they may have been engaged in the theatre the night before, drop in at the stage-door. Very few of them have saved their legs by the hire of an omnibus. The dwellers in the wilds of Camberwell, Kennington, Islington, or Hackney, started from their homes by nine, to effect which they have had to rise by eight. An hour's walk, especially if the streets be dirty or the weather be severe, is not an agreeable preparative for dancing. No matter! The "corps" adjourns to its dressing-room, takes off those prizes of girlhood, bonnet, cloak, gown, and boots, and arrays itself in "practising dress"—a garb of doubtful white with short skirts, cold in the winter and inconvenient in summer. The girls tie up their poor heads in handkerchiefs, like the mill-hands in Lancashire—for theatres are always full of draughts, the architect takes care of that—and descend to a cold, dank, dark stage, where the Ballet-master, a little, old Frenchman with a graceful figure and hideous face, is walking up and down, the breath from his nostrils steaming into the damp air like the breath of a wicked dragon in a fairy tale, and Mr. Skreyppé, the repetiteur, alone in the orchestra, conveys an idea of musical desolation and discomfort by taking his violin out of its case, where it is protected from the inclemencies of the season by green baize and flannel, and dividing his time between anointing his bow with resin and wishing mentally that he had not taken quite so much whisky over night.

"You are all raddy?" says Monsieur now. "Mistair Skreyppé, if you please, go!"

And the rehearsal of the ballet begins. The girls dance, and are compelled to repeat the same figures over, and over, and over again, until Monsieur Legrand, a conscientious little artist, and agreeable man enough when not rehearsing his "imbeciles," as he calls them, is partially content, for to be entirely satisfied falls not to the lot of any ballet-master, French or English.

This lasts for more than an hour and a half, when the general rehearsal commences. The refractories of the ballet—those who cannot or will not learn—adjourn to the back of the stage, and Monsieur Legrand, with considerable perseverance but no patience whatever, by tearing the hair of his wig, terrifies them into submission and grace; the others run up stairs to their dressing-room and pluck out of their half-damp pockets their lunch—not paté and champagne, we can assure our readers—and club together for beer or coffee. The corps particularly affects coffee.

The ballet has to be danced again in its proper place in the general rehearsal of the piece, and thus the girls are delayed till half-past two, when they dance again. They quit the theatre at about three, and the dwellers in Camberwell, Kennington, Islington, and Hackney, after the small exertion of rehearsal, recruit their exhausted limbs by walking back to their homes to dinner or to tea. Many, however, are too languid and delicate for this exertion, and these stay up in the dreary dressing-room, and club again, for a compound comfortless meal, which they take, gipsy-party fashion, sans chairs, knives, forks, or cellophane.

They are at the theatre again by six or seven, for they appear in the first piece as well as the last. When the curtain descends at midnight they are on the stage. They then resume the habiliments of every-day life, and trudge, for the fourth time, on the weary way between the theatre and their homes. Dwellers in Camberwell, Kennington, Islington, and Hackney, get to bed about 1.40; they rise again at eight, with the same routine before them.

This is not a luxurious life; it is not sensual. It is laborious, unpleasant, comfortless, wet, sloppy, and sorefooted. Its monotony is seldom broken except by the happy intervals when a piece has a long "run" and there are no rehearsals. But this is but a poor compensation for the fatigue and danger incurred at Christmas for the gratification of ardent-minded scene-painters, money-loving managers, and a sensation and splendour loving public.

The Transformation-Scene—an ingenious piece of cruelty introduced some fifteen years ago—is a pleasure to the audience but death to the Ballet. The pale girl is swung up to terrific heights, imprisoned in and upon iron wires, dazzled by rows of hot flaring gas close to her eyes and choked by the smoke of coloured fires. Sometimes the silver-robed victim faints or goes into hysterics, and so incurs the odium of affectation. The scene-painter is relentless, the stage-manager is relentless, and the manager must make a fortune speedily. Hoist 'em up, carpenters—fill their minds with fear, and their lungs with foul vapour. They are young and strong, and it won't kill 'em, unless, indeed, a rope break or a wire give way, and, if so, the spirited and enterprising lessee will behave with that accustomed liberality which has ever characterised, &c.

The members of the Ballet feel enormous pleasure in the exercise of their calling. While dancing they are happy. And the wages for this wear and tear of body, this expense of muscle, the reward for the fleeting possessions of grace, youth, and beauty, and agility? The highest salary—and the girl must be indeed clever and lucky who obtains it—is one guinea weekly, and this only in the best theatres. Eighteen and fifteen shillings are also sums given for the regular ballet. Extras, that is, girls engaged for the run of one piece and not regularly on the staff of the theatre, twelve and ten shillings. Will the reader believe that in some places the remuneration of these girls is one shilling per night? To be sure, they are theatres seldom visited by folks from the West-End, but they are theatres where the corps de ballet undergoes greater labour than at any other; and, strange to say, these facts do not prevent obsequious writers in the press from extolling that enterprise and spirit, large humanity, and honourable fair dealing with which, if all that is written be true, managers of theatres are gifted by divine right of leaschship.

But the Ballet Girl does not always receive the twenty-one, eighteen, fifteen, twelve, ten, and six shillings. There is an ingenious institution, called fines, which sometimes mulcts her of sixpence, a shilling, or half-a-crown. No coin is too small to pouch if the taking it preserve discipline.

It is, of course, necessary that among a troop of girls whose ages vary from fifteen to twenty there should be some check and control, but fines are arbitrary and unwholesome things. There is a good story of a manager, and it is to be regretted that he was of the Hebrew persuasion—for it is a piece of vulgar and idiotic prejudice to suppose that the members of that faith are not as kind and liberal as others—who was an admirable Artful Dodger in the way of levying contributions on his company.

In his Ballet were two girls born and bred in the same faith as himself. Let us call them Miss Moses and Miss Solomons. On the Saturday following the Black Fast—a fast observed most strictly by the Jews—Miss Solomons, on going to the treasury, was startled by her manager—let us call him Aaron—asking her what she meant by staying away from the theatre on the night of Thursday.

"Why, you know, Mr. Aaron," said the girl, "it was the Day of Atonement, and I couldn't come to the theatre when?"

"Don't tell me—don't tell me!" interrupted the manager. "I didn't engage your religious principles. I engaged you to dance. You didn't come, you shopped away. I didn't engage your religious principles, and I shall fine you half-a-crown for not attending to your perfunctory dootish."

Exit Miss Solomons, and enter Miss Moses, who was startled when her manager asked her—

"Vat she meant by coming to the theayter on Thursday, the day of the Black Fast?"

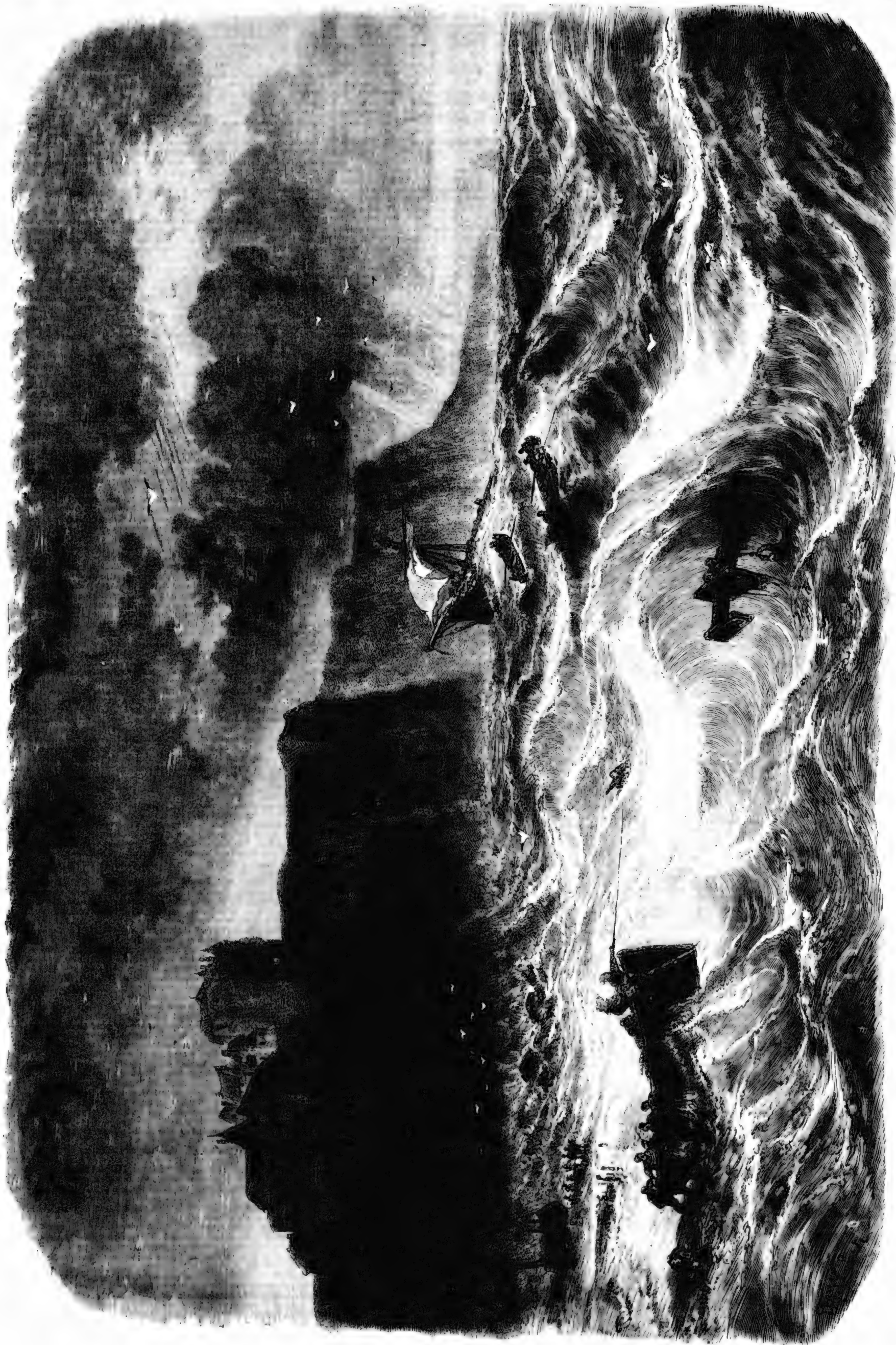
"Well!" stammered the girl, "I know I'd no business to, Mr. Aaron, becoss, of course we shouldn't do anything on the Day of Atonement, but I was afraid you would be cross if I stopped away, and so"—

"And sho you come here to the theayter a dancin and a paintin your face among the Gaiours?"

"Well, Mr. Aaron, I was afraid"—

"Don't tell me! Don't tell me! You ought to be ashamed of yourself. Call yourself a Jewess, and wash yourself on the Day of Atonement? I shall fine you half-a-crown for not attendin to your religious dooties!"

Thus the worthy Israelite, by one stroke, not only punished inattention to business and an outrage on his faith, but made five clear, white, bright, beautiful silver shillings into the bargain.—T. W. R.



SHIPWRECK ON THE COAST OF DIEMPE. - (FROM A PICTURE BY THEODORE WUERN.)



ST. STEPHEN'S HALL ON THE MORNING OF A GREAT DEBATE: KEEPING PLACES FOR HOLDERS OF ORDERS FOR THE STRANGERS' GALLERY.

A SHIPWRECK OFF THE COAST OF DIEPPE.

Those of our readers who retain pleasant recollections of the picture gallery at the International Exhibition will remember the name of Theodore Weber, of Berlin, who, although a young artist,

is already one of the most eminent of living marine-painters. The picture from which our Engraving is taken exhibits in the most favourable aspect those qualifications which have earned the artist so widely extended a reputation. Looking at that steep, dangerous

coast, its straight cliffs, so black and fearful during the storm, now lighted by the break in the heavens, one can almost fancy that the white gulls skimming the face of the rock will settle on the quaint old building which crowns the heights; can almost hear the



SCENE FROM "THE MONASTERY OF ST. JUST," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE: "FLORINDA," MDLIE STELLA COLAS; "KING PHILIP," MR. H. VINING.

heavy wash and roar of those long, sweeping waves which have broken the stout trading-ship and tossed it on to the boulders like a child's toy, leaving the adventurous sailors who have come out from the harbour to pick up, from amidst a tangle of broken spars, and ropes, and seaweed, a half dead cargo of drowning men.

It is seldom that so masterly a hand has shown us the likeness of the billows when the tempest has blown itself out and the long, heavy swell of the sea sets in, breaking into shreds the already shattered fragments of the wreck; and this foreground of heaving water, with the lightning sky and the more fortunate vessel in the distance, make up a picture which, for truth and power, is more striking than most of the works for which the artist is already celebrated.

ST. STEPHEN'S HALL ON THE LAST NIGHT OF THE GREAT STRUGGLE.

THE LOBBY.

The crowd which met our eyes when we entered the lobby nearly filled it. Twice—nay, thrice—had this space been cleared. Resolutely did the police at St. Stephen's Hall entrance keep all strangers back; but, somehow, strangers got in. Members brought them in by the private stairs; others percolated in by some mysterious passages below, and then up the stairs by the library. In short, it was quite impossible to keep them out. They swarmed in through all sorts of ways, like summer flies. At one o'clock they were, however, again, every man of them, swept out, and the doors in the lobby were all locked. The reason for this unprecedented proceeding was this:—Mr. Newdegate's amendment was put and a division called thereon. Now, on this amendment some 600 were expected to vote in one lobby and some twenty in the other, and, as a division-lobby will not hold nearly 600, it was arranged that the dissentients should be poured into the outer lobby, and to carry out this arrangement it was necessary to lock out all strangers. Mr. Newdegate, however, kindly allowed his amendment to be negatived without a division.

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

And now, how will it go? This was the grand question. Early in the debate the authorities on the Liberal side asserted that they should have a majority of at least twenty. The Conservatives thought that a majority for Dizzy's motion was on the cards, and laughed to scorn the prophecy of twenty; and so matters stood till Thursday, when it came to be known that most of the Irish Liberals would vote against the Government. This decision of the Milesians was a stunner. "Now, then, we have them!" said an enthusiastic Conservative. "Now the game is ours." And on that night Mr. Hardy, emboldened by this accession of strength, perorated in this lofty tone:—"We have long menaced the Government, and now we mean to strike the blow and take the responsibility." It was remarked, though, that Mr. Brand did not look very downcast, nor did Colonel Taylor appear so confident as might have been expected. "And yet, surely we must win now! Twelve Irishmen changing sides!—that means twenty-four in a division. But what if some of our men fail us? Ay, there's the rub!" But still there was hope. Up to Friday no desertions had been announced, nor had any change occurred in the position of affairs on Friday night when the House met. But soon afterwards the fatal secret oozed out that some of the Conservatives would vote for the Government. At twelve o'clock, the sentinel who watched the members as they arrived, reported to the gallant Colonel that nine or ten were still absent; and then he knew the game was up. Few, however, besides knew it; and when the division was called, and the door was shut, the anxiety both in the house and out of it was intense. We were outside, of course. Against the door stood Mr. Grenville Berkeley, an old whip of the Liberal party, whom the sound of war had brought down to see the fight. He was peering through a grating in the door and holding converse with some one within, and he was the first to receive the news. The division occupied but twenty minutes, and, as we stood watching, this interval seemed an hour. At last there came a roar of cheers. "That comes from the Government side, and we have got it," said Mr. B. "But stop a bit; we shall have the numbers directly." And now there was a calm. Mr. Brand was declaring the numbers, and then in a moment came a burst of cheering that seemed to shake the building. "Eighteen majority for the Government!" shouted Mr. Berkeley, and straightway sprang from the door; and it was time, for when the doors were opened there poured out such a torrent of members that if any one had stood in the passage he would certainly have been knocked down or swept away by the flood. Still, however, the cheering continued, and such cheering! so excited, indeed, were the Commons that, contrary to all order and practice, they stood up, waved their hats, and for the Parliamentary "Hear, hear!" substituted the national hurrah.

THE CROWD.

By this time the crowd of strangers extended all the way up to the entrance of the Lords' lobby, and as soon as the division was known they, too, lustily cheered. The crowd, however, did not stop long here, but rushed down to Westminster Hall to join the crowd there. We were not in Westminster Hall, and therefore cannot describe the scene. We have been told that some 600 people were gathered there, and that Palmerston marched straight through the lane formed by the police, and was lustily cheered. Disraeli did not go through the hall. He went to the doorway and looked, and, not liking what he saw, wheeled off, and passed out by the members' private passage.

A MEMBER'S ORDER.

A member's order is an order payable on demand by an admission into the Strangers' Gallery. But, like an order upon a bank, it can only be paid if there be the wherewithal. If the banker have no money the order upon him cannot be paid, and if the doorkeeper have no room neither can he honour a member's order. And here, as at the banker's, it is first come first served. All cannot be served on a busy night. This is certain, for there are 654 members, and each commands an order, and the gallery will not hold one hundred. The custom is this. The applicants, as they arrive, are arranged in St. Stephen's Gallery, and those who come first are placed at the head of the gallery, and admitted first. Now, our readers would hardly credit it, but it is a fact that, on special occasions, at seven o'clock in the morning, as soon as the doors are opened, these possessors of members' orders begin to assemble, and before nine enough are gathered in St. Stephen's Gallery to fill the gallery of the house twice over. And there they sit on till four in the afternoon. It is true that many of them are paid substitutes, but most of them are not. "What do they do?" Well, many of them read, and all of them eat, and drink, and chatter, but nobody may smoke. Nor can they play any rough games, poor wretches! To the writer of this the willingness to pay the price of sitting seven or nine hours on a hard stone seat for the privilege of getting into the House of Commons is inconceivable—or rather, we say, for the chance—for, of course, many of them do not get in at four o'clock, nor, indeed, at all. And yet, wonderful to relate, still they sit on, hoping that some of those who have got places will go. On this occasion some of the applicants for admission sat waiting for twelve hours and more, and did not get in after all.

"THE MONASTERY OF ST. JUST," AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

It is difficult for a dramatist to find fresh themes to work upon. The great who have gone before have appropriated everything; and it is as impossible to invent new passions as new pleasures. It is only lately that religious persecution has been used as the basis upon which to build plays interesting to modern auditors; perhaps Shakspeare's Shylock and Scott's Rebecca were considered to have exhausted this form of exciting sympathy. At the Opera, the necessity of contrasting sacred with secular music has compelled librettists to search out the history of epochs of religious fervour, intolerance, and fanaticism—subjects which have been for years

avoided at the theatre until the appearance of Leah at the Adelphi. Like Leah, Donna Florinda de Sandoval, the part acted by Mdlle. Stella Colas in the new play, is a Jewess; but, unlike Leah, from fear of persecution she follows the precepts of her youth in private only, and in public affects to be the most devout of Catholics. She confides her secret to the man she loves—Juan, Philip of Spain's half brother—and to him only. When, outraged by a declaration of the dishonourable passion of the sullen and bigoted Philip, and finding no escape from his insults and his menaces, she frees herself from his embrace and shrieks out, "I am a Jewess!" Philip, the head of the Catholic Church, the eldest son of the Papacy, shrinks from her in horror; and Florinda, though the dungeons of the Inquisition may yawn for her, has saved her honour. It is this particular passage in the third act of the play, most effectively interpreted by Mdlle. Stella Colas and Mr. George Vining, that our artist has chosen for his illustration. At the termination of "The Monastery of St. Just," as our readers will divine, the bad King's wicked designs are frustrated and the lovers are made happy. Florinda has only been brought up in the Hebrew faith; by race she is pure Castilian.

THE OPERA.

ALTHOUGH there is to be no dissolution of Parliament for the present—an occurrence which would have put an end to the opera season at once—there are already signs of breaking up both at Her Majesty's Theatre and at Covent Garden. At Her Majesty's the present is the last week. Even the performances that are now being given are termed "supplemental," and we do not as yet see any mention of the series of cheap nights with which the season at this establishment sometimes terminates. A "grand combined performance," including "Mirella," is announced this evening (Saturday) for the benefit of Mr. Mapleson, in which all the singers engaged at the theatre are to take part.

At the Royal Italian Opera we have reached—or shall have reached next Monday—the last week but one; in spite of which Mr. Gye is, oddly enough, about to fulfil one of his promises made at the beginning of the season by producing Meyerbeer's "Etoile du Nord." What next? But let us take the deed by itself and acknowledge that, though rare, it is at least meritorious. The part of Catherine in the opera in question will be taken by that charming singer Mdlle. Miolan-Carvalho, whom we have had very few opportunities of hearing this season. Another "novelty"—to be presented on Monday night—will be the performance of the part of the heroine in "Faust and Margaret" by Mdlle. Artôt. Mr. Gye will then have had as many as four Margarets in the field—Mdlle. Miolan-Carvalho, Mdlle. Lucca, Mdlle. Patti, and the vocalist now forthcoming; while the entire number of Margarets seen and heard by the British public—including Mdlle. Titiens and Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington—will amount to six. Our statistical operative returns further show that these Margarets will have had love made to them, somewhat promiscuously, by four Fausts, of whom one, Signor Mario, will have been seen in company with as many as three different Margarets (Lucca, Patti, and Artôt) during the same season.

If Donizetti ever wrote a masterpiece it was not "Anna Bolena," nor "Lucia," but "The Elixir of Love;" and one of our great complaints against Mr. Gye and his inordinate reverence for spectacular operas is that, until last year, he had kept "The Elixir of Love" from us for the long period of seven years. Having no faith in the attractiveness of mere music, and considering opera as, above all, a pretext for elaborate scenic display, this manager would doubtless not give "The Elixir" even now were it not for Mdlle. Patti, who, however, has convinced even Mr. Gye that admirable singing is a far more important element in operatic success than any amount of scene-painting. There are very few tableaux to be got out of the simple scenes of "The Elixir." The entry of the quack doctor might have been made something of, but even this little chance has been missed. Otherwise, and if Mr. Gye had only thought of it, the trappings of his horse might have been much richer, and he could have been introduced as the principal figure in a magnificent procession representing the various trades in the village in which the scene is laid. We have not registered this idea, which is quite at the service of Mr. Gye if he likes to adopt it.

We will also point out to Mr. Gye that Donizetti's charming little opera—especially as it is now performed—conveys a hint by which he would do well to profit. Dr. Dulcamara, who is an impostor and a quack, deals in elixirs which are alleged to have the power of rendering those to whom they are administered irresistibly attractive. This symbolises Mr. Gye's belief in the irresistible attractiveness of fine scenery, to whatever opera it may be applied. On the other hand, the elixir on which the pretty village girl relies is her own natural beauty. "In my eyes is the elixir," says Adina; and in Mdlle. Patti's voice is the true elixir which draws the public to the Royal Italian Opera. Indeed, to abandon parable, the great spectacular operas, such as the "Prophet"—in spite of the fact that Mdlle. Didée appears as Fides and Mdlle. Rudersdorf as the youthful Bertha—are now given on what must be considered off-nights. Such singers as Patti, Mario, and Ronconi in such singable operas as the "Elixir of Love" and the "Barber of Seville" are more potent attractions than any amount of scenery supported by singers of an inferior order.

The success of "Mireille" or "Mirella" at Her Majesty's Theatre has been so great that the approaching close of the season will be much regretted by those who have not yet had an opportunity of making its acquaintance. The subject is not very dramatic, in the sensational meaning of the word, and is far too simple to be made the groundwork of five acts, which, however, in the Italian version have been wisely reduced to four. The incidents, to be sure, are strong enough as far as they go; but they are few and very far, indeed, between. On the other hand, the personages are picturesque, and the whole work possesses character and smacks of the Provençal country, from which the legend it is founded upon springs. The plot may be summed up very briefly. Mireille loves and is loved by Vincent, a basketmaker, named Ramon, for Ourrias, a rich bull-tamer. Ourrias, in a fit of jealousy, assaults his favoured rival, and leaves him for dead; after which he himself loses his head, and, in attempting to swim across the Rhone, gets drowned. Vincent, however, has not been mortally wounded; and, by the attentions of a "wise woman," named Taven, is ultimately cured. In the meanwhile, Mireille, hearing that calamity has fallen upon her lover, sets out upon a pilgrimage to the Church of the Holy Marys. She has to cross the desert of Crau, however, and only arrives at the church—where Vincent and herself had pledged themselves, if possible, to meet in case of misfortune occurring to either—to die in the arms of her lover. That is to say, she dies on the French stage; but, at Her Majesty's Theatre, as if to spare the feelings of the English audience, she comes to life again.

The part of Mireille is represented by Mdlle. Titiens, whose acting and singing are especially admirable in the desert scene. Mdlle. Volpini, as an incidental shepherd boy, who opportunely turns up in the desert to restore the fainting Mireille to consciousness by the strains of his pipe, does full justice to one of the most exquisite melodies in the opera: a characteristic air for Taven, the sorceress, is executed with great effect by Mdlle. Trebelli; and Giuglini, as the lover, has a cavatina which he sings to such perfection, and which is listened to with such intense interest, that the first night even the wheel of the mill stream at the back of the scene stopped as if for the special purpose of hearing it.

BISHOP POLK.—General Polk was killed in battle in Georgia on the 14th ult. He graduated at West Point in 1827; but Bishop M'Ilvaine, who was then chaplain at that place, persuaded him to enter the Church, and he afterwards became Bishop of Louisiana. He inherited a good estate, with many slaves, and his ideas were always intensely Southern. When the present war broke out he entered the Confederate army, and was made a Brigadier-General, but was more appreciated for his ecclesiastical influence than his military influence. He never resigned his bishopric, probably intending at the close of the war to resume his spiritual functions.

Literature.

Frederick Rivers, Independent Parson. By Mrs. FLORENCE WILLIAMSON. Williams and Norgate.

Is it a part of the compensation which is everywhere visible in nature that that portion of the "religious world" which was so long opposed to fictitious literature should have come to regard serious novels as among the most useful means of popular instruction, and at the same time should be compelled to submit its weaknesses and errors to public scrutiny through the pages of works of fiction?

There has lately been no lack of stories the plots of which seem only accessory to the exhibition of the influences of various forms of church government or the peculiar organisations of religious communities; and they may be the readiest if not the best means for directing the attention of mankind to the injurious working of some degenerate institutions which require reforming altogether, before—like the ivy that covers old buildings—they destroy the foundations of the wall which they seem to support.

The fact is that everybody reads novels now, and even the dullest or the most solemn of religious periodicals is compelled to adopt some modification of fictional literature if they would retain a circulation. At the same time, while there are numerous religious tales and stories, there are few if any that are anti-religious, or even professedly irreligious, so that the well-accredited book which attacks the bigotry or prejudice of any particular section of the "Catholic Church" is certain of a large number of readers whose Christianity and honest love of goodness is quite unquestionable. Of course, it will always be the case that those who belong to the body to whom these serious, pathetic, or satirical rebukes are applied, will find some difficulty in distinguishing between an attack upon their peculiarities and an irreverent desire to subvert true religious observances. By those who regard their own particular communion as "A little garden walled around," anybody who treats with disrespect the plots in that garden which have been given over to the cultivation of weeds will be accused of profanity to sacred things, and must suffer the rebuke of those who are quite determined never to remove the old landmarks, even to take possession of an increased inheritance. Eventually, however, truth really does prevail; and it is one of the advantages of treating these prejudices and bigotries in a novel that they may be attacked on other than prescriptive ground, and apart from that peculiar phraseology which is almost always adopted in speaking of religious subjects, and which too often imparts a fictitious sanctity to everything which is in any way, rightly or wrongly, associated with religious observance.

With the one exception of "Salem Chapel," we have never met with a book which exposes the worst side of a large section of the Church of Dissent with more ability than "Frederick Rivers." It is quite obvious that Mrs. Florence Williamson must either have been herself the wife of another "Independent Parson" or must have had unusual opportunities for studying the whole working of the Congregational system under circumstances which served to develop its most lamentable weaknesses. For these reasons the book will most certainly give pain to a great many very good people; and many more will doubt whether it is not a broadly exaggerated caricature rather than a vigorous sketch drawn with a strong and unsparring hand, which dwells on ugly details with a strong appreciation of their hideousness. To those who have almost learned to regard institutions as identical with the religious truths which they were intended to preserve, the descriptions in this book of the prayer-meetings and the conduct of the deacons will savour of impiety, and the whole story will be at first regarded in the light of some terrible breach of the faith which belongs to confidence, if not of that which is necessary to religion.

It has happened, in fact, that one of the speakers at the meeting of the Lancashire Independent College at Manchester spoke of "Frederick Rivers" as a book evidently written by one who was formerly a student in the institution, and went on to accuse the author of some breach of confidence in the description of college life which occupies one of the earlier chapters. But surely the speaker himself could hardly have reflected on what he was saying, since there is really no more of confidence, domestic privacy, or especial claim for personal consideration in a large Dissenting college than at Oxford or Cambridge, and no one ever thought of accusing Mr. Hughes of meanness for writing an account of Tom Brown's educational career. In the same way, there can be really no great impropriety in describing what takes place in a church meeting, since what takes place at such an assembly is in the nature of public property, and is frequently published in the newspapers; and in a few satirical and, at the same time, seriously indignant sentences to expose the ludicrous expedients of the deacons at a prayer-meeting where they had entered into a cowardly conspiracy to pray at their minister, is surely not so bad as to do the thing which is described, and may be a very necessary protest against what has long been a wicked and impious practice. The story of Frederick Rivers is simple enough, and seems, indeed, to have been neglected for the sake of the more serious intention of the book; but there is no want of evidence of a narrative power and a thoughtful expression which we should be glad to see exercised on an altogether different work.

The hero of the story, Frederick Rivers, is one of the sons of rather old-fashioned Dissenting parents in the north of England; who, after spending some time at home in the companionship of an intelligent and sympathetic sister, is sent to a large school, during one of the vacations from which he visits the house of an old friend of his family, and there makes the acquaintance of a young girl (Effie Holmes), who becomes his companion and fellow-student. Having chosen "the ministry" as a profession, not without serious consideration, Fritz (as he is familiarly called) goes to college, and in due course "supplies" at various chapels, with a view to the ultimate adoption of "a charge." The whole of this part of the book is wonderfully true to fact, as must be acknowledged by those who know something of the method of Dissenting churches in the country. Eventually, after having received and fulfilled an invitation to officiate as co-pastor of a London congregation, Fritz becomes sole minister of a chapel in the suburbs from which the old pastor retires on a very handsome private property and with the universal esteem of all properly constituted minds.

The rest of the book is principally composed of a history of the difficulty and subsequent persecution to which Fritz is subjected on his being suspected of heretical tendencies, or, what is the same in effect, of declining to adopt the mannerisms of the Dissenting body, or to submit to the dictation of unlearned deacons on questions of doctrinal difficulty, even though some of the regular attendants are dissatisfied with his conduct in not taking up the cudgels in defence of the faith against "Essays and Reviews," and, at the same time, strongly suspect that he reads the works of Mr. Maurice. Upon one of the deacons (Mr. Lush) acknowledging that he personally can see nothing objectionable in his pastor's teaching, but yet advising him to make a compromise to the opinions of the disaffected, and so fill the pews at any rate, Mr. Rivers refuses to act, and there begins a regular system of opposition, which ends in "the ultimate Dissenting test for the discovery of truth—stopping the supplies." The whole course adopted by the minister and the objectionable deacons is described with an accuracy which can belong only to the narration of a real occurrence, and we believe that it is this fact which gives the book so much of its power, and which is at the foundation of its faults. Its faults are, a neglect of the construction in that part which makes the ordinary interest of the story, and a perhaps too distinct personality, which almost identifies the author with the hero. That there should be so much of apparent bitterness (we had almost said of invective) is easily and justly explainable on the ground that the writer is speaking with genuine indignation of facts within her own knowledge. What suffering is produced by the church meetings, the hypocritical prayer-meetings, and the opposition to the pastor's honesty and plain speaking can only be learned from the book itself, for Fritz has married a pretty, brave woman, who has born him children, and the constant anxiety

Leicesterhire, shoemaker.—J. J. BELL, Wellingborough, Northamptonshire, carpenter.—V. SALMON, and A. WALLACE Hackney-road, boot and shoe maker.—H. T. SOURBUTTS, Middlesbrough, millwright.—H. PAYNE, Sibbertoft, Northamptonshire, butcher.

Co. Fleet-street; and by the Honorary Secretary, at the Hospital.
Nov. 13, 1863. HUGH OWEN, Hon. Sec.

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